

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

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The Real.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

The unseen is the Real, because immortal, unchangeable. The material world around us, ever changing, and fading away, is not the Real.

Hermes Triemagistus

Imagining is truth, for in the world
Of boundless and unfathomable space,
There's not a sail of thought, tho' wide unfurled,
That may not find its home-like resting place
In that etherous sea, whose tidal wave,
Of light reflowing, sends the wanderer back,
Laden with gifts of love which angels gave;
An argosy of Mind, such shun the track,
That others make, and seek some golden shore—
Some richer Indies—never found before.

Oh! in that far-off sea, where Lyra bathes
Her stars in gold, and moves thro' living air,
Where, with his silent force, old Orion swathes
Each courtier planet in his proper sphere;
Where Pleiades their gentle influence shed,
O'er their long train of seraph-peopled worlds;
Where space's mighty ocean onwards spread,
Further than furthest comet e'er was hurled,
There spread the Realms of Beauty, starry isles
Of Life immortal, knowing no decay,
Where the great Central Sun forever smiles,
In beams that scatter music on their way;
Octaves of light, they move thro' finer air,
And every wave of radiance echoes there.

There doth the dreaming poet send his soul
To bring back glorious thoughts of *Genius* rare,
There sketch each tree-plumed hill, each grassy
knoll,

Landscapes of beauty, spreading fadeless there,
And seraph forms, and brows, his lines rehearse,
Which he hath gazed on, in his spirit dream,
And men drink in like light his glowing verse,
Till each fair form and scene familiar seem,
And our tranced spirits yearn like his to roam,
To those "bright seats of bliss, our future home."

Those far off gleamings of the soul's ideal,
Steal thro' the curtained studio, where alone
Sits the rapt painter, heedless of the Real,
Ungraceful forms of earth around him thrown—
Before him glows a sunset, golden beams,
Light skies more blue, than Arno's upward
gaze

Paints on its waters, groves and shadowed streams
Bathe in the mellow light, while evening's haze
Sheds on the distant summits softer air,

Like a veiled beauty, more serenely fair:—
And eyes are there, deep starry eyes of light,
And calm Madonna brows and floating forms,
And flowing drapery, like clouds of night
Lit by the moonbeams, veil their radiant arms:
He paints—and we, idolators—adore—

Then from our ecstasy, awake to mourn
That angel forms revisit earth no more,
And feel that we from Paradise were torn—
Like the "lone Peri," we but gaze within,
On the bright world closed on us by our sin.

The patient sculptor, whose unwearied hand
Finds the loved image of his soul in-wrought
Within the yielding marble; as in land
Of dire enchanter, by some prince is sought,
The transcéd beauty, numbed in seeming death,
So from its cold Sarcophagus, is brought
The image of his vision, but the breath
Of glorious life comes not with glowing thought:
Jove gave Pygmalion's life, had love that power,
The grave would yield its statues in an hour—
'Tis but the marble shadow of his vision,
Seen in the dreaming land, when slumbers steal
On his closed lids, when borne to scenes Elysian,
His waking thoughts those angel forms reveal:
On the cold brow we gaze, and yearn to give
Half of our soul to make the statue live.

Daughter of love and song! Oh! thou whose
spell.

Nepenthe like, falls soft on heart and brain;
When the glad air receives the gushing swell,
With which the breathing soul invokes thy
strain.

Angel of music! from whose wafting wings,
Drop the rich globules of the sounding song;
Whose touch ethereal wakes the echoing strings,
Which thro' our coarser atmosphere prolong
The floating octaves—rising till they soar
Like silver bells—just heard—from spirit shore.

All beauty, harmony, all grace, all light,
Richness and glory, all that enters in
To our pent souls, and all the noble might
Of virtuous will, the purity within—
Are all but breathings from that spirit home,
Like perfumed waves from spiced Arabia's shore;
Where'er we live and breathe, where'er we roam,
Those warmer gales still fan us o'er and o'er—
Those airs of home, their homeward longings
bring,
And still the spirit's "Ranz des Vaches" we sing.
BEAVER, PA.

Never-to-be-Forgotten Days.

BY A. L. W.

"It was a very little thing; but the joys and griefs of home are almost all made up of little things." This sentence met my eye the other day, and instantly fastened itself into my memory. It is a truth; and, by some chain of thought which might be hard to trace, it gave rise to other thoughts which also I believe are truths.

We often hear and speak of the "sunny hours of childhood," and look back with longing gaze to the time when, by fair New England's rippling rills, or on the West's broad prairies, we had

"Our walk to school amid the dewy grass—
Our sweet flower-gatherings"—

but we forget that there was any reality in our longings then for the future, with its harvest of hopes and promises of pleasure—we forget with what deference we looked up to the "big boys and girls," and how far distant seemed the time which should complete our twentieth year; and now we look back to those early never-to-be-forgotten days, forgetting all the little griefs and sorrows that bittered our cup in passing, and remember but the joys, little, but full of pleasure, as our griefs were small but choking.

We lose much of the real pleasure we might derive from life, by idle regrettings for the past, and useless anticipations of the future. We do not school ourselves enough to the enjoyment of the present until it has become the past. We chafe under the sorrows and disap-

pointments, to the exclusion of the realization of the happiness of the present, and then in after days, to which we now look forward with high expectations, we review the matter, and see only the bright side of what is then the past. And so it was when hand in hand with early playmates we wandered through the meadows, curling dandelions and holding buttercups under one another's chin. Our joys were trifling—so were our sorrows; but if one could give us pleasure, so could the other give us pain.

And when in later years we've wandered where the apple blossoms fell around the old well-curb, at the old farm-house by the hill, where once we used to drink, when the long, drowsy summer afternoon was through and we were let from school, how like a happy dream it seemed to muse upon our long past childish sports. And under the great pine tree that stood upon the hill above the rock, how often have we lain and dreamed upon the image of the world as it would be when we should be the workers; and how unreal it seemed that we should ever live to tell of the "times when we were young." And now, how are we parted from the scenes and forms which then we loved. How is the old school scattered—some are married—some are dead. Not long ago I heard that one was dead—one whose first footsteps on the snow with boyish gallantry I guided—far away among the hills and singing water-falls of the Green Mountain State she sleeps with many other friends, with whom when life was very new we played among the flowers.

You may not remember as I do the round bend in the Otter where we used to fish, and where one of our number was drowned;—and you have never seen that little gem of lakes called Dunmore, nestling at the foot of the great mountain. One lovely summer morning, years ago, in company with a cousin, I set out to visit the lake. Words fail to describe the glories of that summer day. A few white, fleecy clouds were scattered round the zenith, while the sheep upon the hill-side, the cattle standing knee-deep in the cool water of the lake, and gazing with longing eyes upon the neighboring grain which the swift-winged zephyrs were moving in soft rolling wavelets as the shadow of some stray cloud passed over, presented a scene to charm a poet's heart and form a subject for a painter's pencil.

And among such scenes my childhood's hours passed; and still I love to think of home as again, sometime in the future, to be

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placed among those landscapes, whose combinations with other things go so far to the making of my never-to-be-forgotten days. Your remembrances of the past are different from these, and after this in years still to come, when circumstances shall have happened to make *these* never-to-be-forgotten days, our recollections will be different as our paths in life shall be unlike. Whether our future days shall be as *happily* never-to-be-forgotten, remains to be determined. And when we enter the dark valley and the river of death, and the waters of temptation struggle and buffet against our souls, whether our never-to-be-forgotten days shall then serve as a beacon on the farther shore to guide us to the hills of peace, or, as a dark and lowering cloud above, shall wrap us in eternal night, depends upon the paths we tread through life. Our never-to-be-forgotten days to come in after years will be no more mixed up with bitterness than those which now have passed. Our valuation of higher, deeper and more intellectual pleasures, will be accompanied by keener appreciation of disappointments. And ever as our capacity for enjoyment is enlarged, and sorrows heavier come upon us, our strength will be augmented for the endurance of those greater burdens. Our childhood's pastimes were not unmingled with pain; but in our stronger years, when sometime we behold our

—“fleet of glass

Wrecked on a reef of visionary gold,”

that will be no greater trial for our strengthened souls to battle than was once the loss of some poor childish toy, which now we look on but to smile.

As our reasoning powers become developed many are the paths which open to allure us—paths either up to the temple of Fame or through the labyrinthine garden to Fortune's bower, or maybe to simple rural pleasures, where some noble stream flows majestically along to meet its mate upon their marriage morn, amid the sound of bridal bells heard in the rippling waves as the waters meet with kisses, and in their united strength roll on to join the mighty ocean. We may all have different ideals as to what we would our lives should be—as for me, I would remember that—

“The path of duty is the way to glory,” and
 “He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purple, which outtreden
 All voluptuous garden roses.”

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And finally, when he,

“Thro’ the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward and prevailed,
 Shall find the toppling crag of duty scaled,
 Are close upon the shining table-lands,
 To which our God himself is moon and sun.”

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to “NOTHING BUT MONEY.”

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXII.

We shall not dwell with particularity on the life of Mr. Elliot—the name by which Mr. Guy was known—in the family of Mr. Ewbank. He remained there for several months, during which time he was docile, innocent, and often sportive as a child. In this period he had learned to read a little, and would often take a book and sit alone, trying to gather meaning from the sentences. For Mrs. Ewbank, he manifested the purest love; and was always happiest when by her side. Her word was his law; not her word spoken in authority, but the simple expression of her will. When she read to him, as her husband desired her to do frequently, those Bible stories which all young children delight to hear,—about Joseph and his brethren—the Hebrew children—of Abraham, David and Daniel—and of the nativity of our Lord; he would listen to her with that absorbed attention which appropriates every sentence. Thus, his newly forming memory became peopled with the men and women of olden times, whose words and deeds, representative of divine things, God has established as holy Scripture.

In all these months, Mr. Elliot had expressed no desire to pass beyond the threshold of his new home. He would sit or stand by the window, and look on the living panorama with a vague, childish wonder; but the hard, strong, involved things on the outside, instead of attracting, made him shrink back with an emotion of dread.

But at last, signs of a new state were visible; and the friends who had cared for him until care wrought itself into love, began to fear and tremble. Mrs. Ewbank, noticing one day that he was unusually quiet, asked, as we sometimes ask a child—

“What are you thinking about?”

He raised his eyes, and looked at her for some moments; then dropped them without answering. The expression of his face was so completely changed, that he did not appear like the same person.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Elliot?" Mrs. Ewbank repeated the question, after a little while.

"I must have been dreaming," he answered, looking up again, half perplexed, and with a faint smile breaking around his lips.

"Of what were you dreaming?" Mrs. Ewbank half held her breath for the reply.

"I don't know. It's all gone now," he answered, with a sigh of relief.

On the evening of the same day, Mr. Ewbank, in addressing his wife, called her Lydia.

"That's a sweet name," said Mr. Elliot, in a tone of voice that caused both Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank to look at him curiously.

"Do you think so?" remarked the latter.

"Yes. And I've heard it before. I used to know a Lydia. I wonder where she is?" And his face grew shaded and intent.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank turned to each other in silence. It was plain to them that a few pencils of light had penetrated the veil which hung between the past and the present.

"Oh, I remember now. She went away." There was a quiet sadness in his voice. "She went away somewhere and left me."

"And never came back?" Mrs. Ewbank ventured to inquire.

"Never!" He sighed again, but more deeply. "Never came back again."

With a quick motion, Mr. Elliot now lifted his hand and pressed it hard against his forehead, as if in pain.

"Does your head ache, Mr. Elliot?"

He did not answer, but turned partly away, so as to hide his face; and sat perfectly motionless. Presently, as they looked at him intently, they saw a slight movement of his head, and caught a stealthy look, that was instantly withdrawn. He was still again for some time. Mr. Ewbank now spoke to him, calling his name. Slowly turning, and withdrawing his hand from his forehead, Mr. Elliot asked, with a degree of intelligence in his voice that startled Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank—

"How long have I been here?"

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Ewbank.

Mr. Elliot shook his head.

"Five months."

A hand was pressed tightly to his forehead again. "Five months!" He repeated the answer in a perplexed tone. Then withdrew his hand, stood up, gazed at Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank searchingly, then all around the room.

"Am I sleeping or waking? What does it all mean?" There was something mournful in his voice.

"Awake, Mr. Elliot, and with true friends," replied Mr. Ewbank, not rising, nor seeming to be disturbed or surprised.

"Mr. Elliot! Why do you call me Mr. Elliot?" he demanded, with apparent irritation.

"It is the name your friend, Doctor Hoffman, gave us," was replied.

"Doctor Hoffman!" He startled Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank with his emphatic repetition. Clapping his forehead again, now with both hands, he sat down and remained entirely motionless as before.

"Will you send for him?" he asked, at length, with repressed feeling.

"To-night?"

"Yes. I would like to see him to-night."

"He lives at a considerable distance from here, and it is growing late," said Mrs. Ewbank, in a gentle, persuasive way, going up to Mr. Elliot, and laying her hand on him. The touch was like a charm; for, when she added—"Wont it do as well for you to see him in the morning?" he answered submissively—

"Yes, it will do as well in the morning; but I must see him then."

"You wont go away and leave us, I hope." Mrs. Ewbank said this with real emotion, for her heart, so long interested in the docile old man, had learned to love him, and the thought of parting was painful.

"I will come back again, or you shall come to me," he answered, almost fondly.

His mind seemed to wander a little after this—to play between the past and the present, and to mingle remote with recent things.

"I wonder where she is! Do you know?" He lifted his eyes to the face of Mrs. Ewbank, after a period of silence, in which it was plain that he was endeavoring to untangle the confused things in his mind, and gazed at her with a look of troubled inquiry.

"Who?" asked Mrs. Ewbank.

"My Lydia." And the perplexed look deepened. "My Lydia," he repeated. Didn't you know her? I'm sure you must have known her."

"A sudden flush came—his eyes enlarged—his lips fell apart—a tremor seized him. For a short period, he was like one startled by an apparition. This passed, and he was in repose again.

"Your name is Lydia." He looked at Mrs. Ewbank with returning fondness.

"Yes, that is my name."

"And her name was Lydia."

"Who?"

A shadow crept over his face—he sighed, and turned away.

“I’m trying to think,” he said, speaking soon afterwards, but a little mournfully. “I don’t know where she went. Oh-h!” The ejaculation was sudden, prolonged, and uttered as a cry of pain. Some bitter memory had flashed into light.

“What is it, Mr. Elliot? What hurt you?” Mrs. Ewbank drew closer, and spoke with fond familiarity.

“Dead! Dead!” His voice was full of grief. “Who is dead?”

“Lydia—my poor Lydia! I remember it now. She grew sick and died. Poor Lydia! I’m afraid—” He checked himself; shrunk down a little, as if under the weight of some unhappy thought, and became once more silent.

“Was it a long time ago?” asked Mrs. Ewbank.

He started, with face flushing anew, and turned full around upon Mrs. Ewbank, rising at the same time to his feet. Eagerly, almost wildly did he search her countenance.

“There was another Lydia,” he said, his voice shaking. “A dead Lydia and a living one. They had the same voice, and I heard it just now—the same eyes and hair. O, my God!” The trembling old man shut his hands over his face and stood for a few moments. Then withdrawing them, he said, with constrained calmness—

“My name is Adam Guy!”

“And I am Lydia! Oh, my father! My father!” Mrs. Ewbank sprang forward, throwing her arms around his neck, and laying her head on his breast.

Past the form clinging to him, the old man looked to Mr. Ewbank, who had started up, and now stood near them—looked to him with an almost helpless, but imploring expression, as one in a swiftly running stream, ready to be swept away. Mr. Ewbank understood the appeal, and, astonished as he was by so unlooked for a denouement, said, as he made an effort to lift his wife away—

“If you are indeed Adam Guy, who was thought to be dead, this is your daughter Lydia.”

“I am Adam Guy,” was almost solemnly answered.

“Father! Father! Father!” Mrs. Ewbank lifted her face from his breast, and with eyes full of light and tears, looked at him lovingly, yet wonderingly. “And you have been with me so many months, and I did not know it! O father! Do you love me? Do you love your Lydia?”

He did not answer in words—only with kisses and embraces. Love had begotten love. The old, sordid, selfish father had not really loved his child; but love was the chief element in that new state, which, through a forming period of nearly half a year, had gained sufficient power to dwell in safety, even amid the hard, cold, repellent things of his former life.

Mr. Ewbank, fearing the consequence of excitement on the mental condition of Mr. Guy—as we must now call him—drew his wife gently away, and in calm words to both, suggesting gratitude to God for this wonderful restoration, led their thoughts into smoother channels. Still, in her eagerness to know something of the great mystery enshrouding the past ten years of her father’s life, Lydia kept asking questions, that disturbed instead of tranquillizing. Memory was still confused—all its pages were not open. There was obscurity and incoherence in the old man’s answers; and a troubled effort to untangle many things. With a wise solicitude, that comprehended his state, Mr. Ewbank drew his thoughts as much as possible away from the unhappy past, that it might dwell with present good, and have, now that he was coming into his right mind, a distinct perception of that Christian love and charity, in the sphere of which he had been dwelling. Everything, he felt, depended on the crisis which had come. If the good affections and true thoughts that dwelt with him in the late childhood condition of his mind, could be linked, as a golden chain, whose staple was in heaven, to the thoughts and affections which, on the return of reason and memory, would move his heart and brain, then he might become a true man, and his last days be better than his first. It was for this he had been working, and now must come a fruitful field, or rust and stubble. If the record of all that had passed in those months of planting and culture, was to be sealed up, alas for the restored! Old passions, intensified by wrong, would sweep him away, and he would be in the hands of enemies tenfold more cruel than those from whom he had escaped. No wonder that Mr. Ewbank, conscious of his ignorance and weakness in a case like this, looked up and prayed—“Lord, give wisdom and strength.”

Right thoughts came at the right time. Into his unselfish desire to do good, flowed true perceptions. As the states of Mr. Guy varied, he was able to see what was best to be said or done, in order to keep those golden links fast to the newly forming life. And so, as the old

past came slowly back, getting more and more distinct, with all its horrible wrongs, the present was clung to as an ark of safety, and the love that was to save him kept warm—love for his daughter, which so flooded his heart that coldness was impossible.

After that sudden awakening to a consciousness of who he was, Mr. Guy did not recover reason and memory in full strength for a long time.

In this slow restoration was his true safety. It gave opportunity for Doctor Hofland, who saw him frequently, and for Mr. Ewbank, who watched over him with a manly solicitude, to take counsel as to all that was best to be done. With a passiveness that was remarkable, he generally submitted to their judgment of his case, letting his indeterminate thought dwell with their calmer reason.

"If you think best." How often he so replied to their arguments against his expressed wish to summon Mr. Larobe to the defensive, and drive him to punishment and restitution. They understood better than he, the difficulties that were in the way. The proof of identity must be complete, and many links in the chain of evidence were lacking. Sometimes, in his varying states, Mr. Guy would grow restive, or impatient. Then it was that his daughter's power over him became manifest. A word of gentle remonstrance—the pressure of her hand on his hand or arm—a soft, persuasive smile—there was a magic in these that softened him into confidence and submission. The love she had awakened did not die, but seemed to gain strength daily, twining itself as a golden thread amid all his awakening thoughts, passions, desires and purposes. In the new future that opened to his onward-reaching eyes, he saw her always; saw her, and the great reward of love and benefit that it was in his heart to bestow.

It is a fact to be noticed, that no suspicion of a selfish end in Mr. Ewbank, crept into Mr. Guy's heart. As one of the guards against this, Doctor Hofland had taken occasion, at the earliest moment in which he would be comprehended, to assure Mr. Guy, that neither his daughter or her husband had entertained a suspicion of who he was until he discovered himself. There was another reason. A man of pure motives bears with him a sphere of his quality, which those who come into intimate association perceive. Mr. Guy felt this sphere, and it had power not only to keep all suspicion back, but to win his perfect confidence. He felt safe with Mr. Ewbank—felt that he was a

friend, in a higher and truer sense than he had before understood that term; and not only this, but of such judgment and discretion, that he might trust him as the wisest of counsellors.

Thus it stood with Mr. Guy, two months from the period when light broke into his mind. Without consulting him in regard to what they were doing, Mr. Ewbank and Doctor Hofland, through the agency of one of the soundest and most discreet lawyers in the city, were diligently, but secretly, at work, searching for evidence that, when brought together, would prove the identity of Mr. Guy beyond the reach of cavil, and so establish him in all his legal rights. The movements of Mr. Larobe were observed closely. The property which his late wife held in her own right, by reservation at marriage, and which, by will, she had left to her children, did not come under his control, as she named executors. But, a considerable portion of it was involved in mixed transactions under his old executorship of Mr. Guy's estate. The executors under Mrs. Larobe's will, early became satisfied that all was not right, and gave the lawyer peremptory warning of their purpose to press matters to a legal inquiry, unless the property claimed by the instrument under which they were acting, was placed, free from all entanglement with any other interests, into their hands. There was demur, and affected defiance on his part; but, standing as he knew himself to be, on the brink of a precipice, he took counsel of prudence, and yielded everything—so that the entire property claimed by the testator, amounting in value to over sixty thousand dollars, was safe for her heirs. Thus, only about twenty thousand dollars of all the large estate which Larobe had ventured upon the crime of bigamy to secure, actually remained with him. He had accepted the terms of settlement required before marriage, trusting to his future power over his wife, and ability to mismanage her affairs in a way to secure all the benefits contemplated in this criminal alliance. But, the events he would have shaped, were under that higher control which always limits the power of evil, and surely, sooner or later, casts down the wicked.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The movements of Larobe, as we have said, were closely observed. It was plain to those who had him under surveillance, that he had lost much of the old self-reliant manner; was alert—suspicious—uneasy. Even in court, a change was apparent. He did not come up to

the defence or prosecution of his cases, with that absorption of himself into the causes under trial, that distinguished him of old, and so often wrought the success which would not otherwise have been achieved. In a comparatively short time age had marked him, as though touched by years. His hair was losing its darker shades rapidly, and his flesh shrinking. Care-worn—that word gives the expression of his face, when in repose. He was beginning to stoop a little, as if yielding to the weight of a perpetual burden.

As far as could be ascertained, no changes in the condition of his real property were made, beyond what was necessary in his settlements with the executors of his late wife's estate. He seemed to be like one hiding and waiting for a danger to pass—a danger so threatening, that the very effort to escape might ensure destruction.

Mrs. Larobe's death took place before Edwin Guy had succeeded in negotiating the notes extorted from his unhappy mother-in-law. Mr. Glastonbury's conduct in this matter did not seem open and fair to Edwin, and more than once he suspected him to be playing false. There was always some plausible reason why the notes were not sold, and always some new opening, with flattering chances. At last, losing all patience, Edwin demanded of his lawyer a return of the notes. A little to his surprise, Glastonbury took a pocket-book from his fire-proof, and produced the paper.

"Take them," he said, quietly, "but let me suggest caution. There is something in the wind that I cannot make out. You may stumble on a wasp's nest, and get stung."

"What do you mean? From whence is danger threatened?" asked the young man.

"I am not at liberty to speak of what is in my thoughts. Some under-current of things is moving adversely to our friend Mr. Larobe—I can see that—but of its character I am not advised. Since the death of his wife, he has changed rapidly. It is scarcely a month since her sudden decease, and her loss, or something else—"

"Something else you may be sure," said Edwin, with sarcasm in his voice.

"Has profoundly disturbed his peace," added the lawyer.

"He may have murdered her, as he murdered my father. It is the guilty conscience, you may depend on't. No, not conscience either; that was seared long ago. It's fear of retribution—a haunting terror, that is eating into his life."

"I know not how that may be. Such grave charges, however, my young friend, should not be made, except on very clear evidence, and I must caution you against too free speaking in this direction. Trouble, not anticipated, may be the consequence."

"What would you suggest in regard to these notes?" asked Edwin, not responding to Mr. Glastonbury's last remark.

"Keep them in your own possession."

"They will not be paid at maturity, by the executors of my mother-in-law's estate."

"I think not."

"Would you advise a suit, or an offer to abandon the notes for a consideration?"

"I am not, as things stand, prepared to suggest any thing in the way of action. For the present, keep just where you are. If there is no gain, there is no loss. Before the maturity of these notes, events may happen that will not only make them as worthless as waste paper, but—"

Mr. Glastonbury checked himself so suddenly, that Edwin looked at him in surprise.

"But what?"

"You are not a very discreet young man, Mr. Guy," said the lawyer, speaking with entire self-possession. "So far, in this business, you have acquired an advantage by some four thousand dollars, but in a way I could not have advised. On the principle, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, you have considered yourself the gainer, and maybe you are; but, we never can tell what a day may bring forth. I am of the opinion, that events will prove you to have lost, instead of gained in this transaction."

"Why do you say this? What do you know?" demanded Edwin.

"I know, from long observation, that operations of this kind rarely pay; and, without being much of a prophet, I may venture the prediction, that it will not pay in your case. If we could determine the action of events, all would be well; but this is beyond our ability. Man proposes, as it is said, but God disposes. Unacceptable as the truth may be, my young friend, it is a fact in all experience, that we cannot make things come out in the line of our purposes."

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang all aglee,"
as the bard has it."

"Mr. Glastonbury, there is something back of all this!" said Edwin, showing considerable disturbance. "You are in possession of facts that I should know!"

The lawyer's manner did not change.

"What are they?"

Glastonbury shook his head. His eyes and face were a sealed book. Edwin continued—

"Again, Mr. Glastonbury, I must put the question—what had I best do? You have said wait; but I am not of the waiting temperament."

"If my advice pleases, you will take it," answered the lawyer.

"I will be governed by what you say," replied the young man. "But we all like reasons for the course we are counselled to pursue. Blind action is of all things most distasteful."

"My young friend," said the lawyer, speaking with unusual seriousness, "it is always safest to undo what is wrong, than to let the wrong abide; for, somehow or other, there is in all wrong a hidden impulse towards retribution, that never dies. You were wrong in extorting money and notes from your mother-in-law; and I believe, as I told you a little while ago, that you lost heavily in the transaction. As you seem to be in doubt as to what is best, I will say, in plain words, what I think."

"Say on."

"Go to the executors of your mother-in-law's estate, and offer to destroy the notes in their presence, if they will return your receipts."

"You seriously advise this?"

"Seriously."

"Suppose you were in my place?"

"Knowing what I do," said the lawyer, "I would not hold them a day."

"Knowing what you do!" The young man's color came and went. "You confound me with mysteries. Why cannot you speak out plainly of what concerns my interests?"

"I have spoken plainly enough. Mr. Guy, for all practical purposes. It is for you to act now in the way your reason may determine. But I warn you of danger, if you take any other path than the one I have suggested."

"Danger! What kind of danger?"

"Impatient—self-willed—unwise! I have given you my best counsel, and can do no more. Follow it, or keep on in your own blind way. But, remember, that of all bitter experiences, that is among the bitterest in which is wrung from us the unavailing words: 'It is too late!' I said danger; perhaps loss may better express what I meant. Let me repeat a declaration made just now. If I were in your place, knowing what I do, I would not

keep those notes a single day in my possession."

Edwin lingered for a short time.

"What afterwards?" he asked.

"After you have given up this paper?"

"Yes."

"Wait."

"For what?"

"Time will best answer that question. I only say, wait."

Beyond this, Edwin Guy was not able to get anything from the lawyer. He did not act immediately on his advice; but, after a week's perplexed debate, concluded to abandon the notes, which was done.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There had come many hindrances in the work of collecting evidence, bearing upon the identity of Mr. Guy. Having to move secretly, and with great circumspection, it required a long time to accomplish a little. But at length the completing links were found, and all was in readiness for action. The only thing to determine was the initial step. There had been fear that Larobe, forewarned, might escape, and put himself beyond the reach of justice, ere it would be safe to order his arrest. Doctor Hofland almost hoped for this, as such a flight would be regarded as conclusive of his guilt; but Mr. Guy was of another mind. The double wrong he had sustained at his hands, fired his soul with a thirst for retribution; and this became more intense, as mind and body grew stronger.

"He must not, shall not escape!" was his oft repeated declaration.

Mr. Ewbank was at the office of Doctor Hofland, and the two men were in final conference touching the case of Mr. Guy. The yet undetermined question regarded Adam Guy, Jr. Up to this point, no communication had been held with him, and every precaution had been taken to keep him in ignorance of his father's presence in the city. Still, he had been carefully observed, in order to know if anything passed between him and Larobe. The conclusion reached, at the present interview, was in favor of seeing him, and making a full statement of facts. While yet considering the subject, a student came in and said that a gentleman had called and wished to see the Doctor. On going into the front office, he found, much to his surprise, the very person of whom they were talking. The countenance of Mr. Guy was very serious.

"Doctor," he said, with a natural contrac-

tion of the brows as he spoke, and a half mysterious, half troubled tone of voice, "I have called to ask the privilege of a private interview."

"I am at your service, Mr. Guy," answered the Doctor.

The student retired, and they sat down. There followed considerable embarrassment and hesitation on the part of Mr. Guy. He then remarked—

"There have been a number of strange things said recently, about my late father. I don't make any account of them, and yet such gossip is not pleasant. You have heard something of them, no doubt. In fact, your name is mixed up with the tattle."

Mr. Guy paused. As the Doctor did not answer, he resumed:

"It is even said, absurdly enough, that my father is not dead"—and he laughed faintly.

Something in the expression of Doctor Hofland's face, caused an instant change in the visitor's manner.

"What does it all mean, Doctor?" Mr. Guy was sober enough now. "Your look confounds me!"

"It means," replied Doctor Hofland, speaking slowly and emphatically, "that your father is not dead."

A sudden paleness swept over Guy's face, and he almost gasped for breath, as he stammered out—

"Not dead! Not dead! Impossible, sir!"

"What I have said, Mr. Guy, is the truth—nothing less, nothing more. Your father, imprisoned for over ten years as a lunatic, has finally made his escape, and is now in this city."

"No sir!—No sir!—No sir!" Guy shook his head slowly, as he repeated his emphatic rejection. "No sir! That story is too absurd. But, have you seen this man who claims to be my father?"

"Yes."

"And you credit his imposture?"

"I credit the man," replied the Doctor.

"As sure as you live and I live, Mr. Guy, your father is now in the city! I say this, knowing all that it involves."

"A bold attempt at imposture, Doctor. It can be nothing less. That my father was actually deranged, I know; for I visited him at the institution on Staten Island, where he was removed from the Maryland Hospital. I went into the room where he was confined, and shall never forget the unhappy interview. He was a raving madman."

"Did it never occur to you, Mr. Guy, that the man you then visited in his gloomy cell was not your father?"

"I know he was my father," answered Mr. Guy, most positively. "Do you imagine, for a moment, that I could have been deceived?"

"You were deceived," said Doctor Hofland, speaking as one who had full knowledge of what he declared. "Du Pontz, the largely paid accomplice of Mr. Larobe and your mother-in-law, was notified of your coming, and prepared to receive you. Instead of taking you to your father, who was simply a prisoner, yet of sound mind, he introduced you into the cell of a confirmed lunatic, shocking you with the terrible sight of a madman, whom you thought to be your wretched parent. The same deception was practised in regard to his death. The insane man who fell from a window, in trying to make his escape, was not your father, although he now lies in your family vault at Green Mount."

"Ingenious, but it won't pass current with me," answered Mr. Guy, with cold incredulity. He was regaining the self-possession lost, when the Doctor so positively asserted the presence of his father in the city. "Such things happen in books, but scarcely in real life. That wrong was done to my father, I have always believed, but not a wrong like this. In my opinion, he should never have been removed from our own hospital to another."

"That removal was only one step in a contemplated series. Your father's mind was only partially affected when taken there; and I had it from the resident physician, at the time he was removed, that he was fast recovering his mental equipoise, and in a fair way to an early and entire restoration. The physician was told by your mother-in-law, that she was going to take him home. Why this deception? Instead of taking him home, she had him sent away to a private madhouse, two hundred miles distant, and that is the last that was known of him, until the announcement of his death, not long after which she was married to her accomplice. She has gone to her reward in the other life; but her partner in crime is yet within the reach of justice, and must not escape. With all solemnity, Adam Guy, I summon you to the vindication of your father's rights, and to the punishment of those who have done him such cruel wrong. All the evidence bearing upon his identity is secured, and you were about being placed in full possession of every particular."

"And pray, sir," demanded Mr. Guy, his

color rising, "under whose direction has all this been progressing, and why have I been kept in ignorance of what was going on until this time? I don't like the look of it, Doctor. It smacks of imposture. If my father had, really, come back from the dead, as it were, to whom but to his own son would he have made himself known?"

"His own son," replied the Doctor, with some severity of tone, "might have rejected him as an imposter, and refused to look at any evidence."

"And so, he came first to you?" said Guy, with manifest ill-feeling, and some scorn.

"He managed to communicate with me, and I rescued him from his jailer," replied the Doctor.

"When?"

"Months ago."

"Where?"

"In this city. He had escaped from Staten Island, a weak, half-crazed old man—body and mind broken down by his long and cruel imprisonment. Here he was taken, and again placed in confinement. But, before he was murdered, or removed to a distance, he managed to get word to me, and I saved him."

"You have been deceived, Doctor. The man is not my father!" said Guy, with almost angry positiveness.

"And yet, sir, within twenty-four hours after the chain was struck from his ankle—I speak literally, for I found him chained to an iron bedstead—your step-mother committed suicide."

"Suicide! I never heard that cause for her death affirmed," said Guy, with a confounded look.

"Yet, I know it to be true; for my son-in-law was her physician."

"Where has this person been ever since?" asked Mr. Guy.

"With your sister Lydia."

"And I kept in ignorance of the whole proceeding up to this time! Doctor Hofland, this does not look well! There is about it a savor of fraud and imposture. As the oldest son of my father, there lay with me the right to be consulted. With my sister Lydia, indeed!" He said this with bitter contempt.

"Throughout this whole affair, Mr. Guy," returned Doctor Hofland, without manifesting any resentment, "I have acted from reason and conscience. After your father's rescue, the long agony of hope deferred being over, he sunk into a state of total oblivion as to the past. He was as a child, with memory like an

unwritten page. In this state he had to be placed in the care of persons who would not only treat him kindly, but do all in their power to strengthen his feeble mind. Careful observation of your sister and her husband, satisfied me that they were, of all whom I knew, best fitted for the work, and at my solicitation, they received him into their family, both entirely ignorant as to who he was, and as unsuspecting of the truth then as you were. Nor did Lydia know him, until in the sudden rush of returning memories, he rejected the name by which she had been used to address him, and said that he was Adam Guy."

"Where is he now?" demanded the son, without showing a sign of natural feeling. The lines on his forehead were stern—his lips hard and cold.

"With your sister, still."

"Ah—yes! And, of course, she is ready to swear to his identity. A nice little arrangement, truly! But, it won't go down, Doctor, mark my word for it." The voice of Mr. Guy was, pitching itself to a higher key. "I begin to see a little deeper into the affair," he added, still in a loud voice. "You are a dupe of that wench and her husband! They have got up the whole thing. Her husband is, I'll warrant you, a scheming villain, who—"

The door leading into the Doctor's private office, or consultation room, which had been ajar, opened suddenly, and a man entered. He was tall, and of erect bearing. His countenance was refined and intelligent—his look dignified, yet a little stern. He had large, strong eyes, and a broad forehead, away from which the fine black hair curled short and clean.

"Mr. Ewbank—Mr. Adam Guy, Jr." Doctor Hofland introduced the two men. There was keen penetration on the one hand, and disconcerted surprise on the other; but, it was plain that Guy did not know Mr. Ewbank as the husband of his sister, a fact at once perceived by Doctor Hofland. The large, dark, powerful eyes of Mr. Ewbank, rested in those of Mr. Guy, until the latter wavered and fell away with a sign of weakness. Man to man, the stronger was felt, and, by force, acknowledged.

"You spoke, sir, louder than you thought, just now," said Mr. Ewbank, in a deep, manly voice, that had in it a throb of indignation, "and I could not help but hear. I am your sister's husband!"

"You!" Guy stepped back, in manifest astonishment. Mr. Ewbank looked at him

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steadily, until he fairly shrunk in the presence of superior manhood; then said—

"Knowing your sister as I, her husband, know her—pure, true, womanly and good—I cannot hear, with silent indifference, the coarse language you so wantonly applied to her just now. It does not hurt her; but it wounds me, and disgraces you."

"Sir!" Guy endeavored to rally under cover of indignation. But, he was in the face of one so far above him in moral power, that he felt himself almost as weak as a child.

"I regret," said Mr. Ewbank, "that our first meeting should be in this spirit. But I would be less than a man, if I did not rebuke your assault upon a sister, who, in the chiefest things that give beauty and worth to human character, is rivalled by few of her sex. For having ministered, in all tenderness and self-devotion, to your father, through months of watching and care, she merits something different from you. 'Wench' was not the word that should have fallen from your lips, Adam Guy!"

So stern and strong was the voice—so intense the eyes of Mr. Ewbank—as he stood drawn to his full height in front of the mean-souled man he was rebuking, that Guy shrunk, and cowered in silent confusion. There followed a brief pause. Guy rallied himself enough to affect a dignified air, with which, bowing low, he retired from the office, paying no heed to Doctor Hefland, who called after him to remain.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Two Delays to Live.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

There are two men, Obadiah Ellsworth and James Rogers, living neighbors to each other, who are exactly opposite in their views of life—of the use to be made of life—the enjoyment to be derived from it.

They both began life poor. They are both lawyers, of about equal talent—realizing each an income of about fifteen hundred dollars from his profession—and their necessary expenditures are about equal; that is, they are in the same rank of life, and have families about the same in number.

Obadiah Ellsworth has a wife, two daughters, and a son. His motto is, "live while you live, and seize the pleasures of the present day;" yet he does not at the same time neglect provision for the future. Every day sow some seed and reap some harvest in the present, is

his rule. He takes journeys, indulges in suitable relaxation when at home, frequents the places of amusement within his reach, enjoys social converse, supplies his table with the luxuries of the season, not extravagantly, but sufficiently for health and enjoyment; provides his literary taste in the same manner with what is new and desirable in the world of letters, and allows himself time to read it. His hand is open, too, to true charity. With all this the strictest economy is observed in his affairs, and his household, as regards any unnecessary waste or extravagant expenditure that will bring little remuneration in true enjoyment. He keeps up this style of living at an expense of about one thousand dollars a year, and lays up five hundred.

The other, Mr. Rogers, reverses this process in every particular. His creed is, "give to God each moment as it flies," but his God is Mammon. He allows himself no respite from business, except what is absolutely necessary in his opinion—not what is requisite in fact, for the preservation of his health of body, and to preserve the vigor and sprightliness of his faculties of mind.

In consequence of this, he is less brilliant as a speaker, than he would be with the pressure of care and toil occasionally removed from his mind to give it its true spring; besides, he has several times lost many months from confinement by fever, no doubt induced by overwork, so that he is a direct loser, pecuniarily, by his system, if he could but see it, besides the enjoyment of life he misses. His necessary expenses are less, if anything, than those of his neighbor, Mr. Ellsworth. He, too, has two daughters, who are not generally considered very productive ware; but he has two sons who more than pay their way, so they pour into the family treasury instead of subtracting from it.

These two men have been living upon their present system about twenty years, consequently, Mr. Ellsworth has laid up ten thousand dollars, and enjoyed twenty thousand. He is still hale and vigorous in mind and constitution, promising to be good for business for another twenty years at least, with the same enjoyment in the present—the same provision for the future—for his old age or his children.

The other has broken health, in consequence of over-application to business; is nervous—bowed in frame—older than his years. He has not enjoyed the blessings that lay along his daily path—waiting to enjoy much at once, which he will never reach.

Anthem of Thanksgiving.

BY MRS. C. M. LONDON.

Hark! from the bosom of the mighty deep
Swell forth a song of glad and solemn praise;
Earth's thousand harp-strings catch the glowing
theme—

The winds, responsive, waft it to the skies.
The towering mountains lift their lofty heads,
And speak their Maker's power; the hills outspread
In beauty, show His matchless skill; the woods
Exultant stretch their broad arms up towards
Heaven;

The sleeping valleys tell His loving care,
And "God is magnified in all His works."
Oh, let us join the universal hymn,
And tune our broken lyres to sound His praise!

Give thanks unto the Lord, ye little ones,
Whose tiny feet have just begun to tread
The broad and lovely earth His hands have made.
Ye who with wondering eyes behold His works—
Who hear with reverence of His boundless love,
And feel His presence in your tender souls—
Ye pure young lambskins, dwell forever near
The gentle Shepherd's feet; so shall ye stray
In ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.
Sweet buds, transplanted from celestial meads,
Dearest and loveliest types of perfectness,
Oh, yield to Him the incense of your lives,
Who placed you here to win our thoughts to
Heaven.

Give thanks unto the Lord, ye young and fair,
Who walk the earth in beauty—whose glad souls
Are bathed in dreams of holy sympathy.
A guiding star, long-sought, and found at last.
Praise Him who taught the human heart to love,
And let His worship sanctify the vows
That fall on mortal ears like living drops
From the bright River, whose pure waters gush
Unceasing from beneath the throne of God.
Ye live on angels' food, young hearts partake
With humble gratitude, the rich repast,
And bless His bounty who provides the feast!

Give thanks unto the Lord, ye who rejoice
In manhood's noontide strength—whose great,
brave hearts
Throb with the eager consciousness of power—
Power to give succor to a suffering race,
Whose strong arms shield the weary and the weak,
That faint along the path from earth to Heaven.
Ye whose intelligence surveys all time—
Who thirst for knowledge as for hidden springs,
And drink, insatiate, from the wells of Truth.
Bless ye the Lord, whose all-pervading life
Inspires your souls, and let your light so shine
That He whose work ye are shall have the praise!

Give thanks unto the Lord, thou aged man,
Who long hast proved the riches of His grace;

Thine eyes have scanned the book of human life
Through every page, till thou art nigh the end.
Perchance the way seems shadowy towards the
close;

Perchance the light of earthly love grows dim;
But, Christian pilgrim, thou art not alone,
For He whom thou hast served is faithful still,
And daily thou shalt have thy rich reward.
The mild revealings of thy Father's face shall cheer
The twilight of thine evening-time, and soon
Thine earth-worn feet shall press the shores of Home
To wander nevermore; and the beloved,
Who now unseen attend thy feeble steps,
Shall lead thee to the fields of rest and peace,
And all the longings of thy spirit shall
Be satisfied. Praise God, thou aged man!

Give thanks unto the Lord, oh, sorrowing one,
Whose idol has been taken from thy sight;
Whose aching eyes seek vainly for the light,
Whose midday sun seems wholly quenched in
tears.

E'en from the shattered altar of thy hopes
May sweetest incense of thanksgiving rise,
For on thy spirit's dark Gethsemane
Shall beam an angel-face, with wooing sweet,
And with a power unfelt by thee before
The voice that thou hast loved shall bid thee claim
Thy heavenly birthright; then shalt thou awake
From sorrow's night, to full and perfect day.
Thy chastened lips shall meekly kiss the rod
And bless the Hand that "doeth all things well."

Give thanks unto the Lord, ye poor oppressed,
Who groan beneath the foot of avarice!
Trust in the Lord, whose mercy faileth not,
Nor deem His loving kindness weak or vain,
For He, who hears the ravens when they cry,
The lightning rules, and bids the whirlwind cease.
The word of truth—the strong right arm of God—
Is mighty, and shall break your fetters yet.
E'en now the sun of righteousness appears,
The East is blazing with His herald beams;
Oppression, shivering on her couch of pain,
Shall feel the approaching light, and gasp and
die.

Error, affrighted, from the earth shall flee,
And wrong and evil shall be feared no more
In all the ransomed heritage of God,
While, from the heaving bosom of the deep
Shall swell the anthem of unceasing praise,
Earth's eager harp-strings tremble with the theme,
And glad winds waft it to the answering skies.

A writer says, speaking of the deaths of
children, that "many mysterious dispensa-
tions of Providence" would be averted if chil-
dren were restricted to light suppers, say a
moderate supply of bread and milk, or milk and
rice.

A Little Speculation.

Jean Bertrand and Joseph Anatole Ravel were cousins. Their relationship was so well known, and well established a fact, that nobody doubted it, either in the village of Vaucluse or the city of Carpentras. But the cousins were far from being equal in the eyes of the world. Bertrand was the son of a poor peasant; Ravel's father was a well-to-do shopkeeper, who had long been a town-councillor of Carpentras, and had some pretensions to the dignity of mayor. Still, although Joseph wore a spruce jacket in boyhood, soon to be exchanged for the smart uniform and tightly buckled belt of the Lycée, while Jean was to be seen at work among the vines, in blouse and wooden shoes, Jean and Joseph were cousins. The one got a tolerable education, and though by no means brilliant in his mental powers, returned from college with an amount of classical and mathematical learning which delighted his parents; the other picked up a little writing and ciphering at the normal school of Vaucluse, and contrived, by painful study, to master the contents of an occasional newspaper. It was the old fable of the town mouse and the country mouse over again.

But if the contrast had been great between the kinsmen in their boyish days, it was much greater when they were both middle-aged men and fathers of families. Jean Bertrand had inherited little more than an unsullied name and a few acres of meadow and vineyard on the picturesque bank of the Sorgue, within a short walk of Petrarch's grotto and fountain; Ravel, on the other hand, had not only succeeded to all the savings of his parents, to a house and shop in Carpentras, and an estate at no great distance, but had been enriched by an unexpected legacy which enabled him to double his landed possessions. A French provincial with twelve hundred pounds sterling of annual revenue, is a much more wealthy person, relatively speaking, than an Englishman of the same nominal means, and Ravel had as much as this, or more. He shut up the shop where his father and grandfather had sold woollens for many years; he altered his house, bought new furniture, set up his carriage, and gave solemn dinners, twice a year, to the principal inhabitants. An Englishman in Ravel's position would perhaps have ruined himself, by taking to the turf or some other expensive pursuit; but a Frenchman, when undazzled by the glories of Paris, has a thrifty

instinct which keeps his expenditure within bounds; accordingly, Joseph Anatole Ravel was able to capitalize at least ten thousand francs a year, and grew richer by more force of living and saving. He was thought a happy man. His wife, who had not, we may be sure, come to him empty-handed, was a notable housekeeper; his three daughters, though no beauties, were healthy and tractable; and his only son, Hector Ravel, was really a fine young man—tall, handsome, and high-spirited, with sparkling black eyes and a winning smile that charmed half the feminine world of Carpentras. Monsieur and Madame Ravel were wonderfully fond and proud of this jewel of a son, who was clever as well as pleasing in manner and looks; they predicted a grand destiny for him. The Ravel property was increasing; and though, by French law, girls and boys share alike, the two younger and uglier of the young ladies had already exhibited a desire for a conventual life, and with very little encouragement from their parents, were sure to end their days in the quiet nunnery at St. Eustache. This would reduce the future heirs of the estate to two, and it would bear dividing. Hector might go up to the University of Paris, take his Bachelor's degree, practise as advocate in the Imperial Court of his native department, keep company with the highest in the land, and marry—but there was the rub.

Hector Ravel, who might have aspired to mate with some member of the ruined aristocracy of the province, who might have wedded one of the old marchioness's daughters now pining at the Château de Lissolles, whom the Countess of Cambressin always welcomed graciously to her *salon*, whom the Baron de Bassemain smiled upon, chose to give his heart and plight his troth to a poor, humble peasant-girl. No wonder that his parents were pained, angry, furious; that his sisters were vexed and spiteful; and that all the artillery of family wrath was brought to bear upon the young man. Catherine Bertrand, the only child of poor Jean, Ravel's despised kinsman, was a good girl and a pretty girl, much prettier than any one of the six gaunt Demoiselles de Lissolles, or than Mademoiselle de Cambressin, or than the heiress of Baron de Bassemain, who had passed a winter in Paris, and gave the law in dress and deportment to all the untravelled misses of the district. I think Hector made pretty Catherine's acquaintance one day when he was out shooting among the mountains, and coming down thirsty and tired, stopped at the cottage door to ask for a draught

of the common country wine, cider, water, anything. They are hospitable folks, the peasants of the old papal province that had Avignon for its capital in elder times, and they made Hector welcome without knowing him in the least, for there was little or no intercourse between the families. But Catherine hastened to draw the wine from the best cask, and to set what modest refreshments the house afforded before the stranger, and Hector could not but admire the dark-eyed, peach-cheeked village beauty, in her simple rustic dress. Conversation followed, of course, and lo! the peasant maid proved to be the cousin of the elegant young townsman. Hector went home more than half in love; he came again and again, and presently he spoke his mind, and Hector Ravel was the accepted lover of little Catherine.

The young man's parents were very angry and bitterly vexed. They tried prayers, they tried threats; they argued, sneered, pleaded, menaced, all in vain. Their wrath and sorrow were not absolutely unnatural; all their hopes were bound up in their son. But the young man's strong love rendered him deaf to threat or cajolery. As for giving Catherine up, he spurned the notion; he would wait. His "grand majority" would come in a few years, when he should be twenty-five, and then he could marry, even if his parents still continued to refuse their consent. Before that time, the code stood sternly in the way, and French law forbade the young couple to be happy. There were many stormy scenes, not a few stolen visits to the cottage of the Bertrand family, vows repeated a hundred times, and love that burned the brighter for the clouds of difficulty and trouble; and the end of it was, that Hector Ravel volunteered for the army, put on the blue and scarlet of the Imperial Zouaves, and was draughted off to Algeria. "I shall come back before very long," said the young man, as he kissed his weeping little *fiancée* for the last time; "I shall write often. When my term of service is over, even if my father does not relent before, I shall be a free man; so dry your eyes, little wife: I shall think of you every day and hour, and you of me, darling, though I shall be in Africa, and you in our own France."

"But if they kill you, *là bas*—ah! Hector, I have heard those Bedouins are very wicked!" answered the little maid, as she clung trembling, to her lover's strong shoulder.

"You must pray for me, dear girl, and then I shall be sure to come back," answered Hector, simply. And we may be pretty sure that

when Catherine went to the gray little church on the rocky platform above the village, Hector's name was always foremost in her innocent orisons.

She was loving, tender, and constant, a good little thing; but not in the least clever. She was able, though, to read and admire Hector's fine letters from Oran or Constantine, describing the wonders and stirring adventures of a soldier's life in North Africa, the productions, scenery, and people of the province, and those wild campaigns against Kabyle and Arah, which renew the early experiences of the Crusades. Poor Catherine wrote short and simple answers to these epistles; she was no great correspondent, and she had not inherited the odd, undeveloped talent of her father. Not that Jean Bertrand had the reputation of being a clever man; on the contrary, being rather taciturn and undemonstrative in manner, he was looked on by his neighbors as an honest, dull fellow, never likely to distinguish himself in any way. French peasants esteem bargaining as the highest flight of the human intellect, and the surest test of genius, and Jean was only tolerable at a bargain; not one of those adroit and voluble higglers who always have the best of a transaction. There was something quiet and modest, too, about the man: he never bragged, and was averse to wordy arguments, so that he was by no means regarded as an oracle at Vauluse. No judges are so severe as a man's own relatives; and so it turned out that in the whole district there was no one who despised the abilities of Jean Bertrand so heartily as his rich cousin, Joseph Ravel. This feeling of scorn increased tenfold when Hector committed the unpardonable folly of falling in love with his poor kinswoman, and M. Ravel never spoke of Catherine's father without dubbing him "booby," "blockhead," or the like. It was impossible for even anger and spite to find a flaw in honest Jean's armor of integrity, but he was now abused as an idiot and a dunce on all occasions; yet one or two persons, M. le Curé and M. le Docteur, in especial, whose superior education enabled them to take a juster view of their neighbors' characters than that of the rest, felt pretty certain that Jean was no fool. Had he not been the first of all the farmers in the parish, when the dreadful *oidium* was ruining the hopes of the vintage, to apply the new sulphurdressing to his vines, while many mocked his credulity who were sorry afterwards that they had not followed his example. When the *Sorgue* rose in flood, too, and threatened to

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inundate the valley, Jean had been most useful in devising methods of strengthening and raising the embankments, although, when the peril was at an end, noisier talkers had unscrupulously appropriated the whole merit of his suggestions. The curate and the doctor, then, looked upon Bertrand as a sensible person enough; but the neighborhood had a poor opinion of his brains. One thing was certain, whether Jean were above or below the average standard of intellect, he was by nature the calmest and most unambitious of men. He had never been known to envy his cousin the prosperity and promotion which made the latter so inflated with pride; he was always, to all appearance, cheerful and contented, and worked steadily from day to day, without anxiety or repining. But since Hector Ravel went away, and since Catherine's gay spirits began to grow dull and depressed, and her bright eyes to grow thoughtful, a change, too, came over Jean Bertrand. The peasant became meditative and gloomy; he would often watch Catherine as she moved about the cottage, noting that her cheek was paler, and that her smile was more rare and less joyous than it had once been. Then Jean would sigh, and push back his chair, and go out, and stride along the bank of the river, with his brows knit, and his shoulders stooped, thinking deeply, with a restless, unquiet eye.

"*Bien sûr*, thy father is planning something," Madame Bertrand would say to her daughter, as they plied their classical-looking distaffs: "he has the air of one who seeks—I know not what. But be sure of this, *petite*, it is for thy good he is thus puzzling his poor dear head."

Madame Bertrand was one of the very few people who believed in Jean's hidden talents. This was in itself strong evidence. That man is no fool whose wife puts faith in his abilities. Some time elapsed, and whatever the peasant might have sought, apparently remained as far off as ever. He said not a word; he went about the work of the farm as regularly as ever, but he was perturbed and ill at ease. It was on a certain Sunday afternoon, while sitting in the open doorway of his cottage, slowly spelling through the contents of a provincial newspaper, that Jean suddenly started up, and, with a loud and triumphant exclamation, slapped down his broad hand upon the paper. And what was this exclamation? Had Jean Bertrand been a scholar, he would probably have cried "Eureka!" as it was, he merely exclaimed, "I have it!" which comes to nearly

the same thing. Then, without answering a syllable to the questions of his wife, whose curiosity was piqued by this unusual ejaculation, he tucked the journal under his arm, and left the house with a step far more elastic than common. Jean trudged down to the village, and Madame Bertrand watched him as he went. For a moment, she imagined that he might be bound for the *cabaret*, where, at that hour, a knot of stanch toppers and jovial companions might be found; but Jean was a paragon of sobriety, and this idea was dismissed as quickly as formed. "He has gone to buy something," said Dame Bertrand. Catherine said not a word. She had not heard her father's speech, nor noticed his departure; she sat gazing at her gilt-edged Book of Hours, open in honor of the day, but her thoughts were far away—far away among the yellow plains of Sahara, where the tents were pitched among the sand-wreaths, and where the evening watch-fires were beginning to flicker already, as the dusk and the dew fell, and the jackal's howl told of the coming night. Thus it fell out that Catherine did not share her mother's emotions of curiosity or surprise, which occupied the good woman until her husband came back, with the same brisk step, and with a bright but steady eye. In his hands he carried writing-paper, pen and ink, freshly purchased for the occasion, since the houses of poor south-country farmers are seldom overstocked with such matters. He had something else, too—a stamped and printed piece of paper, in which Dame Bertrand recognized what the French style a *bon*, and we a post-office order.

"Ah, ah, *notre maître*, are you going to write a letter?" asked the housewife, rolling her eyes at the stationery, a rare sight in the old papal patrimony. In truth, since their marriage, Dame Bertrand had only seen her consort pen, with much toil, two such epistles—one to a grazier near the foot of Mount Ventouse, who bought his heifers and calves; the other to the notary, who had invested the humble savings which were to constitute Catherine's modest dower. Jean answered his spouse's query with that bland, sheepish, mock-simplicity which a French peasant generally assumes when he wishes to baffle inquiry.

"Eh, it appears so, my wife. Open only the shutter of that window to the west, so that I may have light enough for the task."

Dame Bertrand did as she was bid. She asked no more questions. The connubial relations are different in town and country

throughout France. The Frenchwoman of the towns, she who keeps the keys, who buys and sells, and rules undisputed mistress over till and purse, has usually a will of her own. When she calls her husband *mon ami*, she does so in rather a condescending tone, as if she wished to convey the idea of complimentary encouragement. She is mistress in her own sphere, and it is only at the *café* that M. Bonhomme can do as he pleases. But the farmer's wife, when she calls her husband by the respectable title of *notre maître*, really means it. The strong man who can plough, and dig, and manage horses, is truly the master, and the inequality of the sexes is an article of faith. So Jean Bertrand was allowed to write his letter in peace, without question or comment. An awful business it was: it was painful to see how slowly the pen formed the irregular characters—how awkward was the manipulation of that great brown hand which wielded the hatchet and spade so dexterously, and how the worthy man glared at the page as he toiled on from blot to blot, from smear to smear, erasing, altering, or retouching his handiwork. All things must come to a close, and so did Jean Bertrand's letter. The good fellow gave a sigh of relief, wiped his forehead, and proceeded very deliberately to fold the document, enclosing it in the post-office order, to address it, and to secure it with a heedfully moistened wafer. Then he took his hat, and went forth and dropped it into the box at the post-office.

A day or two after this, a neighbor, hoeing his potatoes, was surprised to see Jean Bertrand at work in quite a neglected corner of his little domain. This, though the prettiest, was certainly the most unprofitable bit of the whole farm, consisting as it did of about three acres of stony soil, where the patient she-goat tethered there had much ado to pick up a living; but this strip of land went close up to the mountain-side, and was traversed by a limpid stream that leaped in a natural cascade from the brow of a crag, and fell into a rocky basin below. What was the amazement of the neighbor when, lifting his head from his occupation to have a friendly gossip across the low fence, he saw that Jean was actually at work deepening this basin in one part, clearing it of weeds in others, and constructing a kind of dam or breakwater, so as to divide it into two unequal parts.

"Good-morning, *compère*," said the neighbor, leaning on his hoe, and coughing a little inquisitive cough.

"Good-morning; how goes it with your

good wife and the children?" civilly returned Jean, digging away gallantly the while, and up to his knees in mud and water.

"Quite well, *mon brave*," said the neighbor—"well and fresh. But you, Jean, what fly has stung you, man! Do you hope to catch eels, that you wet your feet in that fashion?"

"Better than that," answered Jean, with a happy chuckle. The other stared at him with a bewildered air. Two or three more questions did he essay, and then gave it up as a bad job, for Jean chose to be mysterious, laughing good-humoredly, but baffling all inquiry and conjecture. The next day, and the next, and the next, every moment that Jean could spare from the regular work of the farm, he devoted to his strange voluntary labors among the rocks. Thanks to his persevering toil, the rocky basin was soon divided into two portions by a dam artfully built of osiers and loose stones; the smaller half received the foaming waters of the cascade, the larger spread itself out in a broad and shallow pool, with a bottom of pebbles and fine yellow sand, and where the force of the current was gentle and subdued. Nor did the alterations end here. Jean chose the softest spot in the little stony meadow, and carefully dug a broad and deep hollow, into which the stream being conducted, soon formed a pond, and this was connected in turn with a third pool, after which the water, gushing over a rude weir, ran into the sparkling Sorgue. All these toils of Jean Bertrand's, executed in the hours of repose or relaxation, did not fail to attract considerable attention in the parish. At the cabaret, at the church porch, wherever gossips congregated, this novel topic was certain to be discussed in all its bearings. What was, what *could* be the meaning of these remarkable proceedings? Was Jean mad, or had some malign witch or wizard—they believe still in witches and wizards in the Comtat—thrown a spell over him? It was an unheard-of thing that any farmer should task his muscles, and waste his time so unprofitably. The whole affair was incomprehensible to the last degree. It may seem at first sight as if the curiosity of the neighborhood might have been gratified by the simple process of asking a question; not so, however. Those who have dealt with the peasantry of France, best know how impenetrable is the reserve of those honest Gauls, a quaint impassibility, sprung partly from caution, and partly from long habit, which foils the most crafty cross-examiner. Nobody thought it worth while to ask Jean roundly why he de-

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voted his leisure to such odd pursuits. A half-joking hint was thrown out, now and again, and baffled with ease. When the wits of the parish bantered Jean for the trouble he took, the worthy man joined in the laugh, merely rejoining: "Neighbors, what will you? One does what one does." Nor could the women of Vacluse elicit the truth from Dame Bertrand or Catherine: they knew nothing whatever of Jean's intentions or projects: the secret remained intact, because it continued to be the sole property of its originator.

Presently, Jean's self-imposed labors were over; four pools existed where only one had been of old, and still the clear runlet of water murmured gently by, as it wound among the stones, and subsided at last in the little reedy creek that communicated with the river. About this time, Jean Bertrand became immensely interested in the Carpentras diligence, a shabby green vehicle, drawn by three rawboned jades, which was the only public conveyance known to the neighborhood. Whenever this rattling vehicle arrived, Jean was sure to thrust his stalwart person, and his calm, well-shaved face, into the midst of the group of lounging idlers, who suspended their game with stone bowls to stare at the new arrivals. To be sure, the farmer did not seem to be much interested in the aspect of the few passengers, but he always patiently waited until the last package had been unloaded, and then heaved a little sigh, and turned on his heel. At last, his perseverance was rewarded.

"*Hien!* Monsieur Bertrand, I've got something for you," cried the bloused apology for a conductor, as he scrambled down from the dusty roof of his omnibus. Jean stepped forward: his eyes brightened.

"*Tiens!* where have I put it, this parcel of bad luck?" grumbled the rustic guard, as he tugged at the sheepskins and matting that choked the entrance to the "boot" of the diligence.

"Here it is, see then," squeaked the urchin driver, as he dropped the weather-beaten reins on the necks of his lean nags, and bestowed a sounding kick upon a box that occupied a place on the footboard.

"Hand it down, *enfant!*" cried Jean, eagerly: "so—carefully there. Nothing to pay, is there?"

"No; free to destination," rejoined the guard. "Nevertheless, Monsieur Bertrand, if your goodness could spare a man some *sous* to drink"—

"Ah, good-for-nothing!" said Jean, with a

kindly smile; "who should have *sous* to give thee, and where should they be got from, glutton?" But for all that the farmer put his hand in his pocket, and handed over to the grinning petitioner a few bronze portraits of Napoleon III. Then Jean tucked the box under his arm, and strode sturdily off. The idlers—there are always a few unoccupied persons, even in a village—gazed after him with wide open eyes, but all they could see was a wooden box of moderate dimensions, damp and dark of hue, as if something moist were packed inside it. That evening, the carpenter of the village, on dropping in at the cabaret, where a circle of choice spirits had assembled, wore an expression of mystery and importance which attracted all eyes towards him.

"Ha! you others, 'tis a singular world we live in," said the carpenter, as he took his seat. People in the provinces are not much given to theory, so every one looked to the man of wood for a practical illustration of the doctrine he had just broached. "A singular world!" continued the carpenter. "You know, you others, I told you the other day how Jean Bertrand had ordered me to make a lot of boxes, queer shallow things, such as I never put together in the course of my days, never?"

Yes, they all remembered. They were all dying to know the sequel, and after tantalizing them to a slight extent, the carpenter went on:

"Jean, as you know, neighbors, is as close as wax—no babbler, *allons*—he did not say what he wanted the boxes for, and I puzzled my head to no purpose to guess what for. Once I thought of cucumbers, but then, where was the glass? No; it decidedly could not be for cucumbers. So I cudgelled my brains in vain, until this evening Jean comes to my workshop, with old Antoine, you know, his day-laborer?"

"Yes, yes," cried the company; "we all know old Antoine; but what of Jean? Be quick, neighbor."

The carpenter was not disposed to part with his information without a little coaxing; he coughed, and said he was thirsty, and storytelling was dry work. The company grew hospitable to a bewildering extent; every man pressed his *canon* of wine, full or half full, on the carpenter. Had that artisan possessed eleven mouths, he might have quaffed eleven eleemosynary draughts at one and the same time. He chose a full stoup, drank, and after a little persuasion, went on:

"Jean, and old Antoine, his man, you must

know, had come to fetch away the boxes I had made, and for which Jean paid on the nail, as every honest customer ought to do. Well, seeing the boxes were heavy, I offered to help to carry them up, and Jean hesitated a moment, and then said to himself: 'After all, why not? it must be known now.' And then he accepted my offer, and we carried the boxes up. I thought they would be put into the house or garden; but no! Jean must needs have them placed—neighbors, you'll never guess where—in the pool where the water tumbles off the rock, where he built that funny dam, you know, for what nobody but the saints above can tell."

"Ah!" murmured the assembly.

The carpenter cast a proud look around. "You others, confess you are in the dark completely. But I am *bon enfant*, and you shall know all. Jean put the boxes there, and put gravel into them, sand and stones mixed, and carefully arranged them so that the water should trickle into them and out again. Then he put in what he had taken out of the box that came for him to-day by the diligence—and that neighbors, was—fish-spawn; *va!* the great word is spoken."

"Fish-spawn!" repeated everybody in profound wonder. The carpenter nodded.

"And what for? *tron de l'air!* what for?" asked the oldest peasant in the room.

"What for?" repeated the company, with oaths and exclamations that showed how genuine was their surprise. The carpenter was radiant with the pride of superior knowledge.

"See!" said he; "you all know that Jean is fond of reading the newspaper, not, like the rest of us, to see what price corn and madder bring at Avignon market, or what tricks the Parisians are up to, but to find out what bran-new inventions are afloat. So, neighbors, it seems that he read a long rigmarole about something he calls *pisci*—pisciculture that's the word—which means that they pretend you can grow fish as we grow vegetables, and have only to sow it in a pond—the eggs, that is—to make a fortune by selling fat fish of your own rearing."

"Those are the stories of Mother Goose, those!" exclaimed, in an authoritative tone, the oldest man present.

"Yes, yes, the Père Camard is right: that has not common sense in it," chorused the company. But when the carpenter went on to tell them that Jean had written to the director of the government establishment at Huninguen,

near Bâle, requesting a supply of spawn, with full directions, and had sent a *bon* on the post-office in payment of expenses, the clamor became deafening.

"It's a disgrace to the parish!" vociferated one.

"He believes, then, in all these cock-and-bull stories, these *billevendes* invented by the towns-people in black coats?" exclaimed another.

"Poor Jean! he ought to be taken care of. I never thought him as bright as most, but now he has turned out an absolute idiot!" bawled a third. And when the assembly fully understood that it was for the reception and artificial cultivation of fish-spawn that Jean had taken the trouble to construct a series of pools, their contempt and anger knew no bounds. Agriculturists in France are not very tolerant of innovation, and least of all when they belong to the old Comtat of Avignon. That night, Jean and his family were awakened by a rough serenade of kettles and clattering frying-pans, and by the jeers and laughter of a noisy crowd. The peasant wisely kept his doors shut, and the rioters withdrew when their voices were hoarse with shouting. The next day saw Jean Bertrand, quiet and affable as ever, going about his vineyard and potato-field, the same pains-taking tiller of the soil that the villagers of Vaucluse had always known him to be. But he had need of all his innate good-humor to withstand the storm of ridicule and expostulation which, by his attempt at pisciculture, he had brought about his ears. Derided by some, argued with by others, and hooted by the little boys of the village, Jean was compelled to pay the penalty of being in advance of his generation. When he was seen moving around his fishponds, with stooped shoulders and thoughtful eye, the village elders shook their wise heads, the middle-aged men tapped their sunburned foreheads with a significant gesture, and the children shouted a doggerel rhyme which some juvenile poet had elaborated in scorn of Jean Bertrand's new whim.

Still, honest Jean stuck to his hobby, and neither by word nor deed recanted his heresies. When a storm of rain caused an overgreat influx of water, and his miniature dams were injured by the sudden swelling of the mountain stream, Jean patiently applied himself to repair the damage. When whittlings bantered, or when rustic sages preached, the experimentalist never suffered himself to be tempted into repartee or debate, but merely rejoined, with

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one of those indescribable Gallie shrugs that say more than words: "*Dame! qui vivra, verra.*" We must all do as we may."

But the more his new fancy was assailed, the more he clung to it; and his favorite stroll in spare time was to the pools where the spawn lay in the shallow boxes among the gravel, or where, at a later date, the young fry sported about, active and greedy in their first hunger and their first growth. Jean had no particular sympathy at home to encourage him in bearing the censure of his neighbors. His wife, though habitually obedient, was heartily sorry that her husband had made himself the laughing-stock of Vacluse, and wished most devoutly that the newspaper had never beguiled Jean into what she secretly agreed with the public voice in stigmatizing as an act of egregious folly. As for Catherine—young folks in love are sad egotists—I am afraid Catherine thought but little of her father and his ponds and fish-eggs, and the obloquy which he had brought upon himself, so busy were her thoughts with the absent Hector, now a corporal of Spahis.

And yet Catherine was the true cause of the step which Jean had taken.

"It is for you, my daughter," the good farmer would mutter to himself, as he turned his honest eyes wistfully on the pale pretty face of the suffering girl. But whatever were his hopes or projects, he kept them to himself, and never attempted to dazzle even his nearest and dearest by predictions and rose-tinted dreams of the future. If he were an Alnaschar, in blouse and wooden shoes, it is certain at least, that he was the meekest and least presumptuous of the species. When Jean went to market, he found that his reputation had preceded him. Luckily, or unluckily, he was the only man in the department who had essayed the new art of fish-culture, and he was welcomed in the city of Carpentras as if he had been one of those eminent Laputan philosophers who proposed to extract sunshine out of cucumbers. Foremost among the laughers was Jean's wealthy cousin, M. Joseph Anatole Ravel. This substantial burgher was fond of attending the markets, partly to indulge his love of a bargain by personally superintending the sale of the produce of his estate, and partly because a rich man's opinion is commonly listened to with a certain amount of deference highly pleasing to some natures. Ravel was on speaking-terms with his kinsman, though neither had crossed, since childhood, the threshold of the other's dwelling. He had a grudge against Jean, as the father of the

village beauty who had captivated his idolized son, and to whose fatal charms were due the young man's obstinacy and self-imposed exile. It so happened that the characters of Bertrand and his daughter stood so high and well established that no calumny could well be launched against either; but many a man who cannot be branded as an intriguer or a rogue can be derided, and Ravel was glad to see his cousin a laughing-stock. He had always despised Jean's calibre of intellect, and now he never spoke of him but in terms of the most insulting compassion. "The poor dunce," "the bonhomme with the brains of a calf," such were the flowers of speech which were thickly strewn on Jean Bertrand; while at other times Ravel would bring forth all the stores of his erudition to prove that what the peasant was trying was a sheer impossibility. Nothing but Jean's philosophical sweetness of temper prevented a quarrel, more than once, when the cousins met. Once, when M. Ravel was peculiarly eloquent on Jean's waste of time and trouble, the poorer of the two kinsmen exclaimed with a sigh: "*C'est égal!*" My cousin, I wish I were master of the streams on that estate of yours; ponds, cascades, brooks—ah! you might make a use of them if you liked."

"In nourishing tittlebats!" said fat M. Joseph Anatole Ravel, puffing out his crimson cheeks, and eyeing his relative with sublime scorn—"tittlebats and tadpoles, eh?—is it not so, *mon brave?*" Thank you. Not such an ass."

Jean said not a word more. Six months or so from the date of this interview, and about two years from the time of the arrival of that famous Pandora's box from the government establishment, Jean Bertrand, radiant with good-humor and health, led his laden mule into the crowded market-place of Carpentras. The farmer was dressed with unusual elegance, as if for some festive occasion. He wore his Sunday coat of brown cloth, a span-new sash of red silk, a figured waistcoat, and leather shoes: he had a flower in his button-hole, and his bright eye and cheery smile matched well with his holiday clothes. In the centre of the Place stood M. Ravel, with a knot of flatterers around him, passing various kinds of agricultural produce in review. His eye lit on his relation as he came up.

"Ho! here comes the wisacre of Vacluse," exclaimed Ravel, who was in a remarkably jocose humor. "Good-day, Jean, thou Solomon of the country-side! What on earth have you slung on your beast's back, in those

covered tubs and baskets, Master Solon? Not tadpoles, *par hasard*, old frog-feeder?"

All the flatterers burst into an unanimous roar of laughter. Jean laughed, too, in his dry way.

"You shall have the first sight of my tadpoles, my cousin," said he; and he opened tub and basket and exhibited a tempting show of delicate fish, some alive, but all fresh and glittering, with dainty crimson spots on their dappled sides, and fins that had beaten the water but two hours before.

"Eh! eh! What have we here? *Diable!* they are trout and salmon," exclaimed Joseph Ravel.

"They are so, my cousin. Trout and salmon of my growing," said Jean, with a little tinge of triumph in his tone. "I have not taken out an eighth part of what the pond contains, but I have fifty kilogrammes weight of fish, well told; and it's hard if I don't clear my three francs a kilogramme, which will make up a hundred and fifty francs. Not bad for a poor fellow like me, Cousin Ravel."

Ravel was puzzled. He rubbed his plump hands together thoughtfully, and his brows were knit; all at once he looked up, and his eyes twinkled. "Those minnows of yours have cost you more than they are worth in the rearing. Now, confess," said he.

"Not at all," said Jean. "I made the embankments myself in spare time, and I only had the carpenter to pay for the boxes and the two floodgates—a bagatelle. As for the nourishment of the poor dear little things, you conceive, it is not like a calf or a sheep; they find their own food; only when they were very small, I gave them a little dried liver, powdered fine, which cost me some forty sous, not more. *Au plaisir*, my cousin."

And off went Jean; but Ravel and his flatterers laughed no more. Wherever the peasant went, his funny wares found a ready sale: fish always goes off well in a Roman Catholic country. The porter of a convent bought one great heap, another basketful was secured for the bishop's palace, the citizens' wives disputed with each other for the priority of purchase, and had Jean brought twice as much, he would have sold it all. By the time the mule was lightened of his load, the farmer's pocket was heavy with silver, copper and gold. His modest estimate had been exceeded; the last sales had had the character of an auction, and the total receipts amounted to a hundred and eighty-nine francs six sous. Ravel followed his despised kinsman about with a face

of stupefied amazement, looking first at the dainty fish, that were weighed in scales, and transferred to cooks' aprons or housewives' baskets, and then at the coin that showered into Jean's hard, horny, toil-worn palm. But when Bertrand was about to leave the town, having sold all his fish, Ravel sidled half timidly up to him. "Jean," said he, "upon my word, you are a shrewder person than I thought, and—and—if you would like to come home with me and take some refreshment—eh? because, you know, we're cousins, after all."

"You have been somewhat late in remembering it, my cousin," said Jean, with something of reproach in his look and voice; and he went his way, leaving his rich relation blushing and stammering in the public street. Nevertheless, two days afterwards, the combined effects of curiosity and self-interest drew Monsieur Joseph Anatole Ravel to visit the humble abode of Jean Bertrand. The latter received his guest with Provencal hospitality, and willingly showed him the fishponds which had gained for their constructor such a disagreeable renown. The pools, as Ravel's own eyes assured him, were well stocked with trout and salmon-parr—only parr, though Jean had somewhat grandiloquently called them "salmon." But the true salmon, as distinguished from their cousins-german, the parr, had fought and leaped so lustily to gain the stream which, as their unerring instinct taught them, would lead them to the river which would bear them to the sea, that Jean had lowered his dam to liberate the prisoners.

"You see, my cousin," said the peasant, "it was heartbreaking to watch the poor things springing and struggling for freedom, after the manner of their kind. I set them free. In due time, when well grown and fat, they will return to the place where they were bred, if they are not killed before they reach me. And if they never do come back, why, it can't be helped. They would have died here. It was the *Bon Dieu*, look you, cousin, who planted that instinct in my little fish."

And Jean reverently lifted his cap as he pronounced the words, and Ravel did not sneer at him; on the contrary, he said in a sheepish manner: "Cousin Bertrand, I have not been overkind to you and yours. Well, well, I am not a man for apologies; but if by-gones can be by-gones?"

"Certainly," said Jean; "certainly. I bear no malice. Only my daughter Catherine, with her pale cheek that was so rosy, and those

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bright looks she used to have all changed—that vexes me sometimes; that is all.”

“Hum!” said Ravel; “the *petite* is a good girl, and pretty to boot; I never denied that; and they are cousins, too, your child and my young hot-head out in Africa. But I have thirty thousand francs a year, and what father in his senses— There! don’t speak. I’m no chatterbox, but I hate to be interrupted. Now, Jean Bertrand, I will own that we who mocked you were wrong, and you were the wise man, after all, with your fish-eggs—there! Now, it has come into my head that I have, as you say, pools and streams in plenty on my property, and if you, with your little bits of ponds, could make so much profit by pisciculture, what could I make? hein?”

“If you had a man who understood the thing to direct affairs and put matters *en train*?” said Jean, timidly, but with a twinkling eye.

“I think that so necessary,” striking the palm of his fat hand gently on Jean’s shoulder—“so necessary, that I am willing to sign articles of partnership. If you will undertake to manage all about the construction of the weirs and breeding-ponds, and that, I will pay all expenses, and give you an equal share of the profits. How do you like that? Why, with your skill and my property, I ought to become the richest man in the *arrondissement*.”

A partnership was accordingly concluded, in the autumn of last year, between the cousins. A partnership of a more tender nature was also entered into by Hector Ravel and Catherine Bertrand, the young man having been recalled from the army by the promise of his parents’ consent to his union with the faithful village beauty.

The affairs of the firm of Ravel and Bertrand promise to thrive to a most flourishing extent, while nineteen farmers of the department have written to Huningue for spawn, with the intention of re-stocking the streams of the Comtat. As for poor patient Jean, he is now more honored and respected in Vacluse than the *curé* himself.

MYSTERY magnifies danger, as the fog the sun. The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a body; and death itself is not formidable in what we know of it, but in what we do not.

Sophie’s Influence.

BY FANNY TRUE.

“Will you be kind enough to write my name, in the centre of this white square? I’m sorry to trouble you to do it, but my eyes are dim, and I cannot do it nicely myself.”

“Certainly,” we replied; “so you are piecing a quilt;” and we took the album square from her hand.

“Oh no, it’s for Mary Lyman’s wedding quilt. She wants all the neighbors to contribute a square of their own dress-pieces, to remind her of old friends, when she is married and gone; so I found this commenced among poor Sophie’s things, and thought I’d finish it. It’s her work.”

“It is a beautiful square,” we remarked; “what a pretty harmony between this buff and blue.”

“Yes, that buff was Sophie’s dress, and it was so becoming to her, and—” the old lady turned abruptly from us, as though some startling thing claimed her attention at the window. Too well we understood the interpretation of this movement, so we quietly took the patchwork and went up to our room for pen and ink, to render the simple service.

Sophie was a stranger to us. We had never known her while living, and never seen her, save what the little wan, but cherished miniature on the parlor table, revealed to us of her form and features. But we knew her before long—knew her by a thousand little nameless associations and memories, that clustered around the old farm house.

Whether we wandered up, into the dim old garret, where stood the spinning wheel, still and useless, and the broad old cradle, dusty and untenanted, or peered into the deep dark closet where hung the drapery that had clothed her light figure, there was an ever present sense of hallowed memory, of the lost one before us. All about the little parlor were vivid mementoes, in the worsted lamp-mats, sketches, scrap-book, and album, containing the written offerings of kind hearts.

Four years ago they laid her to sleep in the church-yard, and the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner, ticked ceaselessly away the hours, one by one, but still that sense of loneliness remained. The little low lounge by the window was vacant; there was no Sophie with her sewing-basket and cheerful face to occupy it, but the mother sewed on, alone; and when the Sabbath morning came, and good Father Sawyer drove to the front door with “little

Kate" in the family chaise, there was no Sophie with her kind hands to shape the mother's bonnet, or adjust her shawl, preparatory to church going!

We felt like walking very softly when we went into the sitting-room, and sat down by the grieving mother, to whose heart her child's loss, was ever like a fresh-opened grave. We wanted to cover it with soft mosses, and sweet flowers; anything that should awaken a simile of the angel life she had entered upon.

But the great bereavement clouded every consolation, and we could only go out from her presence, with a prayer at our heart, that He whose hand had stricken, might be the one to bless and cheer her bowed soul.

There are many homes in this wide world, that owe their most refining influences to these tender associations, linked with departed ones; and that faith is beautiful and divine, that looks uncomplainingly up to God, blessing him for the bright brief life, that makes Heaven a dearer place—a home!

Heart-Widowed.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

She sits all day on the headland,
Gazing out on the sea—
Listening the sound of the breakers
Torn on the sandy lee;—
Weeping for souls it has won to perish,
That low-voiced treachery.

Her lover sailed one morning—
Warming with kisses her lips—
Sailed—bearing away her young heart,
In one of a fleet of ships;
And the shade of his spectre vessel,
Keeps her life in eclipse.

Out when the tempests are howling,
She reaches her pale thin hands—
Reaches them out for his phantom,
To lead her over the sands,
Down to the ocean which boundeth
The shore of the unknown lands.

She never wearies of waiting—
Never sighs in despair—
Never thinks that her burden
Is heavy for her to bear—
She takes no thought of the present,
Her heart is elsewhere.

God in His infinite mercy,
Shrouds the dead from her sight,—
Tells her not of the loved one,
Lying in state to night—
In state 'mid the plashing coral,
Flashing so red and bright.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXI.

With the opening of the autumn of seventeen hundred and eighty, there came a shock of surprise and dismay to all patriot hearts throughout the land; it was the tidings of the disastrous defeat which our army had sustained under Gates, at the battle of Camden.

It seemed almost incredible that the veteran General who had won such laurels a few autumns—to whom Burgoyne and his haughty troops had laid down their arms on the Hudson, was now utterly routed by an army whose numbers did not equal his own.

Congress and the country began at last to perceive that the commander-in-chief was right, as his calm judgment and deep forecast always were in all matters connected with the welfare of his country, when he entreated that an army might be organized at the South, instead of leaving its defence to the raw militia within its borders.

Major Dudley had accompanied the reinforcements which had gone South under General Gates; and the tidings of the disastrous battle at Camden had sent a shiver of dread to every heart under the Deacon's roof—but there was one to whom it was more than this—a silent, abiding anguish.

Yet Grace Palmer struggled with it bravely. She moved about diligent as ever in all housewifely duties, and more thoughtful for others than herself; and none would have suspected the slow pain which she carried, had it not been for the unbent lines of the mouth, giving it the look of a grieved child's, and the thin cheeks, out of which the faint roses had vanished.

The Deacon and his wife did not often touch with words on this sorrow which had fallen on their child; they showed their sympathy in the thousand nameless ways that love can—in watchfulness, in soft tones, and caressing ways; and so they all waited in fear and hope for the next tidings that should come from the South.

"Aint you stickin' down in the house most too tight, Grace?" said Mrs. Palmer, suddenly entering her daughter's room one afternoon in the middle of September, and finding her seated by the window with her book lying in her lap, and her eyes looking off to the distant sound, where the sails of the sloops and schooners were flashing to and fro, like white clouds driven of the wind.

Grace understood the solicitude which prompted the question, and she turned with a smile—not her old, beaming one, that was so joyous a thing to see—*this* had in it some new element of patience and pain.

"I don't know, mother" said the girl, "I don't feel much like going out;" and the same patient pain was in her voice, which had been a moment before in her smile.

"Wall, father and I was talking about it after dinner; he thinks you don't take the air enough. I think it would chirk you up to go over and see Seling Williams and her mother. They're lively sort o' folks; and I want to get the pattern of Isaac's meetin' coat for Benny."

"Oh, mother, I can't!" answered Grace, in such a hopeless kind of voice, that it went straight to her mother's heart.

"Grace," she said, placing her hard thin hand on her daughter's, "come, chirk up, there's a good girl! Things 'll all come out bright, I guess."

Grace looked up suddenly, but the grateful glance was checked by the rush of tears in her eyes: "You're a good mother," she said, simply speaking her uppermost thought.

"I wish it was in my power to be a better one;" and the tears were bright in the mother's eyes too—"but you know, Grace, I'd do anything in the world to save you from this anxiety that I see plain enough's wearin' on your life."

"I know you would, you and father too. Oh, mother, if God didn't help me, I couldn't bear it!" She broke down here suddenly, and sobs and tears shook her, as a storm of wind and rain shakes the trees in midsummer.

Mrs. Palmer put her arms around her child, and comforted her as nobody but a mother can. There was not perhaps so much in what she said, for Grace knew perfectly well all her grounds of hope and fear, but there was something in the way of saying it which went straight to the daughter's heart; and Grace looked up at last with a smile shining through her tears.

And when she had grown calmer, Mrs. Palmer reverted again to her walk, for she felt that change of scene, however slight, was what Grace needed more than anything else. "I wish you'd take down a bowl of gooseberry jam and a bottle of currant wine to old Miss Ritter that lives in the lane, jest on the right of the old turnpike. You know she's all alone, Grace, and kind o' poorly this summer, and her grandson's down South to the war; and it 'll do the old woman a sight of good to see a young pleasant face like yours. The old turn-

pike road's a pleasant 'un too, and it aint more'n a mile to *Miss* Ritter's door."

The prospect of doing some good stirred Grace at once. "Yes, I'll go there, mother," she said, with a show of cheerfulness; and Mrs. Palmer went down stairs, congratulating herself on her diplomacy.

Grace's mother was right. The soft warm afternoon, with its radiant mists going and coming in solemn state upon the mountains, was one which belonged only to the early autumn. Its pulses beat soft and low with the ripeness of the year; its face was not radiant with sunshine, but it shone sweet and tender in the eyes of the girl who carried her aching heart down the long, lonely turnpike road, with the dark rocks on one side, and the brown pastures on the other; and something of the stillness and gladness of the afternoon got into Grace's heart, and hushed the pain there; and when at last she knocked at the door of Mrs. Ritter's low brown dwelling, the inward peace shone in her face.

The little old woman that bustled to the front door in her linsey woolsey dress and deep yellow cap frill, gave Grace a most demonstrative welcome.

"It beats all how I've been wantin' to see you for the last two hours. I can't hardly believe my eyes! Grace, I've got some news for you!"

"Have you? Well, I shall be ready for it as soon as I've disposed of something mother sent you with her love this afternoon," placing the bowl and the bottle on the table.

"I declare, Grace, your mother's a masterpiece for rememberin' them that other folks is apt to forget. I shall reckon on that are wine and jam, as though 'twas so much gold. Things all smooth to home?"

"Very, thank you. Now for the news, Mrs. Ritter" taking a chair. "You see I've only half an hour to give you."

Mrs. Ritter plunged her hand into a very deep and plethoric pocket on her right side, and produced with a look of solemn mystery a large and somewhat soiled sheet, and handed it to Grace, saying: "That are was writ by Sam'wel!"

"Mrs. Ritter!" gasped Grace, her whole face lifting itself into eager curiosity, as she looked on the sheet, for Mrs. Ritter's grandson was a private in the regiment that Major Dudley had joined.

"I don't wonder you look taken aback, Grace—it fairly did me up, when the letter first come. Cap'n Jacobs brought it up to-day

from New York, and he got it straight from the soldier into whose hands that blessed boy put it. I've strained my eyes over the lines, Grace, and I've jest made out enough to know that Sam'wel is alive and doin' well, and aint forgot his poor old grandma; but I've been wishin' all the arternoon that I could get your young eyes on the letter, and it seems as though the Lord had sent you jest at this perticerler minute!"

Grace opened the sheet, and read the contents to the eager old woman. The letter had been written hastily the day after the battle. Samuel Ritter had just escaped being made prisoner; and completely exhausted by the fight and his subsequent escape, he had crawled to the house of a farmer in the neighborhood, whose son was the next day to start for the North, bearing despatches from Gates to the commander-in-chief. So the young soldier availed himself of this opportunity to acquaint his grandmother of his welfare.

"Poor Sam'wel," said the old woman, taking off her glasses and wiping her eyes: "The Lord's spared a remnant of my family to my old age."

"Oh, here's a postscript I didn't observe!" exclaimed Grace, turning over the sheet, and she read:

"I forgot to say, that just after the last charge of the enemy, I saw Major Dudley fall off his horse. The chances are ninety-nine to a hundred, that he was killed outright. He was a brave fellow, and all the boys loved him."

Grace read these words steadily to the end, like one who hardly comprehended them; then the letter dropped from her hands, and she sat staring at Mrs. Ritter with a face that was like the faces of the dead.

The old woman, who knew perfectly well the relation which Grace occupied towards Major Dudley, was too overwhelmed to utter a single word. But, at last, the silence and the white face frightened her into speech: "Don't, dear child, take it so," stammered the old woman.

Then Grace rose up. "I must go home," she said, in just the slow leaden tones in which one might say, "I must go to my death!" and before Mrs. Ritter could expostulate she was gone.

Years afterwards, Grace could recall that walk home on the old turnpike road, and every object which met her on the way, although she was unconscious of noticing it at the time. She could see the great swift, silent clouds, as they came and vanished in the sky, like dumb witnesses of her anguish—she could see the golden

rod waving its torches of flame by the stone fences, and how the road stretched its long blank face of sodden grass before her—the long, long road, that seemed to her to lie miles and miles away before it reached her father's door, and which she must tread, step by step, with the slow pain dilating in her heart, like a smouldering fire which she expected would burst up any moment and suffocate her.

At one time—she must have been about half way home then—a little golden robin alighted suddenly on a small ash by the roadside, and sang out brave and sweet in the deep silence. Grace stood still and looked at it, and wondered that anything in the world could be joyful again. What a world it seemed to her then! how utterly blank and desolate! and yet she kept on with her face set towards her home, kept on step by step!—step by step!

Mrs. Palmer was bustling about her "china closet," which she was "cleaning out" that afternoon, as she was expecting the parson and the doctor to tea on the following day. She was carefully wiping the "sugar tongs," when the door opened, and Grace suddenly entered.

"Oh, mother!" she said. It was not a loud cry, but her mother started as though a sudden blow had struck her.

"What has happened to you, my child?" she said, coming forward, and then she saw the white face.

"Mother, he is dead!" said Grace Palmer, and she sank down into a chair, and looked up in her mother's face and smiled. Such a smile! no wonder Mrs. Palmer closed her eyes involuntarily, as one does before a sudden burst of blinding light.

"Don't, child, don't," she said sharply, and then she opened her arms, and Grace lay white and shivering within them.

Mrs. Palmer was too much alarmed for the safety of her child, to realize the loss she had sustained. She carried Grace into the bedroom, and in a few minutes the deacon and Benny returned together, for it was now sunset. The sight of his darling lying there, just as the dead lay, with her face as cold and white as the linen on which it rested, was too much for the old man.

He turned away and left her with her mother, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Palmer's heart rose up against her husband.

But he came back in a few moments, and went straight up to the bedside and leaned over his child, stricken almost to death.

"Grace," said the soft, solemn voice of the

Deacon, not knowing whether she would hear or understand: "In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee; for *Thou* wilt answer me!"

She opened her eyes then, and looked at her father.

"You know who it was said that, my poor child?" said the shaking voice of the Deacon.

"Yes—but oh, father!"

"I know it, my daughter, I would lay down my life gladly this moment to bring you help or comfort—but you are in those deep waters now, which no human arm or love can reach you. Oh Grace, you have not believed in the Lord for naught. He will not forsake you now!"

She turned away her head—the slow tears oozed out of her eyes, and the father knew that the broken heart of his child was comforted.

"Mother, what is the matter with Grace?" asked Benny, in a loud whisper, seizing hold of his mother's skirt, as she left the bed-room in search of a fan.

"She's heard that Major Dudley is dead, Benny," answered the weeping mother.

Benny's face expressed deep concern—still he continued: "She feels as bad as though it was you, or father, or Robert, and it isn't half so bad as that."

"You shouldn't speak so, Benny. Major Dudley was a friend, a very dear friend of your sister's."

"But it isn't the same for all that, you know, mother," subjoined Benny, with some show of indignation; and then he suddenly exclaimed, as though a new idea had struck him, "maybe, after all, he isn't dead!"

"Why, Benny," catching faintly at these words, "what makes you say so?"

"Cos they all thought Hezekiah Street was dead, until t'other news came. Where did Grace hear it?"

"She must have got the news from Miss Ritter. I haven't been able to get one word out of her sence she came home. There, Benny, you musn't keep mother any longer."

Benny made no effort to do so. Without speaking a word to any one, he put on his cap and trudged over the turnpike to Mrs. Ritter's, with whom he happened to be an especial favorite. He found the old woman in extreme anxiety about Grace, and soon drew from her all the knowledge she possessed of Major Dudley's fate. The boy also applied for the letter of Samuel Ritter, and obtained it to show to his father; and just as he reached the threshold, he turned and said, in his solemn,

tremulous way: "Maybe he isn't dead, after all, aunty?"

"What has put *that* into your head, child?" asked the old woman; but he was beyond the range of her voice.

Great was the Deacon's surprise, when his youngest born placed the letter of Samuel Ritter in his hands, and the surprise was not diminished when he discovered the manner in which he obtained it; but Benny's acuteness had for once done better service than the wisdom of his elders—for, after possessing himself of the contents of the letter, the Deacon and his wife both cherished a faint hope that Edward Dudley might still survive.

Grace shook her drooping head, when they first endeavored to communicate this hope to her; but the words found their way into her heart, and made a little light there—just as the stars of that autumn night, which settled darkly over the homestead of Deacon Palmer, made a faint frilling of light on the sky.

Afterwards, Grace Palmer did not yield to the blow which had fallen on her life. The very next day she rose from her bed, and went about her household duties busily as ever, only more silent. Mrs. Palmer did not expostulate with her daughter. The education and the habits of the Deacon's wife tended strongly to convince her, that "indulgence in the luxury of grief" was unwise, if not sin, and that active, engrossing labor was the next best thing to the grace of God, for any sorrow that was inevitable.

And so, though her heart yearned with unutterable tenderness over her child, and she followed with eyes of wistful solicitude the rapid figure, as it moved in and out of the room at its customary morning duties, the mother, on the whole, took pains to expand rather than diminish the day's labor, and Grace made no objection—only looking in her eyes, one saw that some great sudden storm of anguish had beaten down on her life, and torn up its roots.

Once that morning, however, the girl's heart gave way. She had gone into the parlor, at her mother's request, to bring out a jar of plum preserves, which Mrs. Palmer feared had begun to "work." As she crossed the threshold, the old memories surged in upon her soul. There was the old lounge where he had sat last, and she seemed once more to look up into the strong, handsome face, and hear the low, tender voice; and then she thought of the stately head, with its beautiful brown hair lying white and daggled on that dusty battle-field—it was too much. Grace Palmer sank down on the

low stool, where she had sat that last time with Edward Dudley, and low sobs of utter desolation shivered and surged through her.

At last, wondering at her long absence, her mother came softly to the door and put her anxious face inside. She saw Grace sitting there, bowed under that tempest of anguish. Mrs. Palmer made a movement forward, for her first impulse was to spring to her child's side, but a second thought checked her. This great grief was beyond even the reach of her mother's sympathy, and Mrs. Palmer left the room on tiptoe; and an hour later Grace came out, with her pale, calm face, and set quietly about the work she had left.

"I guess the Lord's heard my prayer!" thought Mrs. Palmer.

And so the days went over Grace Palmer. There was nothing for her to do, but to "wait patiently" for the tidings which yet her soul shrank from meeting, for Grace's sound judgment taught her that the chances for Major Dudley's life were just what Samuel Ritter had written. Yet her heart would cling—as what woman's heart will not—to its faint hope still; and for the rest, Grace had Refuge—that was to her soul the shadow of a Rock in a weary land.

There were hours when her faith could look even this great loss in the face—hours when she felt that she could give up Edward Dudley to the will of God. He would not be *dead* to her; the true, noble, manly spirit that she had loved, lived somewhere, doing the will and the work of God as she would do it on earth. She would still be worthy of him—knit to him by a love which reached beyond the grave, and rested in the one eternal love. She would live cheerfully, bravely, if not happily, doing to others all the good she could, and rejoicing that every setting sun brought her a little closer to the time of their long meeting; and when the morning light wakened her once more to the day's work and waiting, she would remember that one more night of the long absence was passed. And the heart of Grace Palmer said to herself, what long years after the greatest of her sisters sung—

"I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on!"

The girl's parents sometimes wondered at the solemn light and joy which shone in her face—the face which grew paler and thinner every day; but they knew what springs fed

that light, and they thanked God for their child.

Do not think, oh reader, that I write of Grace Palmer that it was always thus. She would have been more than human if it had been. There were times when her heart and her faith failed her—when the sense of her great loss overswept her soul, in a wild freshet of agony—times when she looked off to her future, stretching blank and desolate down the years before her, as the sodden turnpike had stretched *that day* towards her home, and the girl's grief would reach up in a cry, "Oh, God, it is more than I can bear!" and the prayer would rise to her lips, "Let me die, and go to him," and stop there, for Grace Palmer knew she had no right to speak it. Was it strange that her faith went into these eclipses, she was young, and her heart was so utterly stricken?

CHAPTER XXII.

"There, now, see what you've done?" exclaimed Lucy Trueman, in a tone made up of vexation and deprecation.

"Oh, Benny, you are a naughty, careless boy!" added Grace, in tones just touched with severity.

"I didn't mean to," answered the boy, plunging his fingers in his hair, and looking somewhat ruefully at the red beads which he had just upset from a large china saucer, and which sprinkled the sanded floor like the red coral moss blossoms among gray leaves.

"I'll help you gather them up, Lucy, in one minute," said Grace, as she threaded a very fine needle with silk.

"No, Grace; if you'll finish the bud, I'll save the beads," and Lucy bent herself to work on the floor.

The girl was working a large pincusion for her mother's "spare chamber," and she had come over that afternoon to get some advice from Grace respecting the centre flower. This, at least, was her ostensible purpose; but of late, Lucy Trueman had found some excuse for showing herself at the Deacon's almost every day; and Grace understood well enough the kindly sympathy which prompted the frequent visits, although very few allusions were made, after the first meeting, to the subject that was never absent from the thoughts of either. But Lucy proved herself so thoughtful and useful at this juncture—she made such constant efforts, and with so much tact and good sense, to interest and divert Grace, to draw her from the terrible thoughts that

would sometimes come upon her—she was so full of tender, yet judicious sympathy, that Grace could not but respond to her friend's efforts, and be deeply touched by the affectionate care which they evinced.

"It's a beauty, Grace!" exclaimed Lucy, putting her face over her friend's shoulder and surveying the moss rose-bud, which was opening itself on a ground work of white satin. "Come, now, let's put it up, and go out doors awhile. I do hate to waste such pleasant days in the house. There won't be many more of them, you know."

"I know," strangling a little sigh, which, however, did not escape the ear of Lucy, as she rose up and went for her sunbonnet.

They went down to the orchard, Lucy leading the way, and Grace following indifferently, for her thoughts were with that afternoon three weeks before on which she had walked over the turnpike. The frost had been busy among the trees since that time, and the maples flamed in the woods, and the russet and yellow leaves were dropping from the fruit boughs with every puff of wind.

Lucy led the way to the old apple tree in the centre of the orchard—the very one to which Grace had conducted the minister's nephew on the first night of their meeting. Had Lucy known what associations clustered around this peculiar tree she would certainly have avoided it.

"Isn't it pleasant?" said Lucy, pulling off her sunbonnet, and seating herself on the long grass, amid which the red apples burned.

"Very pleasant," said Grace, with a start, coming back to the present and gazing about her, and then, there came one of those sudden thrills and rushes of feeling that break down all barriers, as that autumn night six years before, rose up to her.

"Oh, dear!" she said, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

"Grace, I'm so sorry for you!" whispered Lucy, drawing close up to her friend, "only it don't do any good to say so."

Grace did not speak for awhile; at last she looked up with pale lips that seemed seeking after a ghost of a smile.

"There's no need of your telling me, Lucy, that you're sorry. I feel it all the time."

"Poor Grace," stroking her friend's shoulder in her pretty caressing way. "But you're so brave—so different from what I should be," and Lucy shuddered a little.

"Not always, Lucy," shaking her head sadly. "There are times when it all comes over me, and it seems as though I should be

crushed at once. I seem to see him lying there on the battle field with the clouds of smoke and dust, and the roar of cannon all about him. I hear the cries of the wounded, the moans of the dying, and I see the bright flashes of musketry, and the wild riderless horses going to and fro. But I see clearest of all that white, still face, with the closed eyes, and the matted hair, and the blood trickling over it, and I think, Lucy, if I could have been there just one little moment to have lifted up his head—to have heard his last blessing—to have had one little faint smile"—she stopped here. Lucy did not dare look at her friend; she turned away with a little groan.

It was Grace's voice broke the silence. The anguish was gone out of her face when she turned it around once more to Lucy, and said,

"It is best so, for it was God's will!"

Lucy Trueman looked on her friend with a new yearning for a faith which could sustain her in so awful a trial; but she did not say this, her words were,

"There is room for hope yet, Grace; he may not have been killed."

Whatever Grace's answer would have been, it was cut short by the appearance of Nathaniel walking hurriedly up to the front door.

"He must be after me," exclaimed Lucy, with a little chagrin in her voice, "Company at home, I s'pose," and she sprang up, and called her brother loudly.

Nathaniel wheeled about, and hurried to the orchard. The young man's face was full of excitement and eagerness as he approached the girls.

"What have you got to tell me?" asked Lucy, interpreting the expression.

"Tisn't for you—it's for Grace."

"Oh, Nathaniel, have you got good news for me?" cried Grace, a quick intuition springing her to her feet.

"I think I have, Grace." Then seeing her agitation, and fearing lest the suddenness of the news might prove too much for her, the young soldier added, lightly, "I didn't expect to find you two girls turned gipsies, and camping under an apple tree."

"Tell me, Nathaniel," cried Grace, taking no notice of his jest.

And Nathaniel drew a letter from his pocket, and gave it into her hands with some misgivings.

"It's his writing," was all he said.

So it was! The girl's eager eyes confirmed it, and Grace sank down on the grass.

"Let us leave her," whispered Lucy to her

brother, some fine instinct teaching her that Grace should be alone now.

It was some time before Grace knew they were gone. She sat there, with the letter lying on her knee, her eyes devouring the handwriting, while she seemed incapable of opening it. But this did not last long. The seal was broken, and the letter was—

"Be comforted, dear Grace, for *I live*; and the thought that you might be mourning me as dead, has been bitterer than all the pain which I have endured in the last two months. You have learned, before this, of the defeat of our army at Camden; and, since then, I have been a prisoner of war in the enemy's hospital.

"I have no knowledge of the time when I was taken off the battle-field, or of days after that. I had a bad shot in the right leg, and the surgeon says, Grace, *I shall be lame for life*.

"Don't take it hard, dear. It is not so bad as it seemed that it must be a little while ago—for Grace I have been nigh unto death!

"I am better now—out of danger, the doctors say—and with a brave heart, although a *very* feeble hand, as these tremulous letters bear witness.

"Look only at the bright side, my darling. There is much for which to say, 'thank God!'

"I am in comfortable quarters, and the weather will grow cooler soon. I shall be exchanged, when my turn comes; till then, we must both have courage and patience.

"My physician interdicts longer writing. Be of good cheer, oh, my beloved, for the sake of your

EDWARD."

Nearly an hour had passed before Grace rose up from her seat under the apple tree. She went up to the house. I need not write how different the world looked to her, or what a song was in her heart.

Mrs. Palmer sat in a corner of the kitchen carding wool; on one side of her the white pile lay like a fleecy cloud dropped from the sky.

"Mother, Edward's alive!" said Grace; and her voice made the words a song.

The wool dropped from Mrs. Palmer's hands. "What did you say, Grace?" she asked.

"I said Edward was alive, mother."

"How do you know that?"

"His own handwriting says so—here it is!"

"Oh child!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer; and here she broke into tears, and Grace put her arms around her mother, and they wept their tears of joy together.

Nathaniel and Lucy had been unwilling to return home, until they were satisfied of Major

Dudley's safety, although the former had little doubt of this, for he was perfectly familiar with the young officer's hand. The brother and sister, concluding that by this time Grace's first agitation would have somewhat subsided, presented themselves once more at the Deacon's to hear the good tidings, which it did not take long to communicate.

"How in the world did you get this letter, Nathaniel?" asked Mrs. Palmer, anticipating her daughter's question.

"I happened to be at the post-office when the stage came in, and as Mr. Jacobs had an attack of rheumatism, and couldn't leave his bed, I offered to open the bags for him; and when I saw Grace's letter, I knew what it meant."

And he turned and smiled on Grace, and she answered him; and the smiles of both were beautiful to see.

"You must stay to tea, both of you," said Mrs. Palmer, getting up, and shaking from her apron the little spray of wool which clung to it: "We'll all rejoice together over these glad tidings."

"I want to have a little piece of rejoicing to myself," said Lucy, with her light laughter between the words: "Come up stairs, Grace, and we'll leave Nathaniel and your mother to congratulate each other."

Lucy bestowed her friend with playful violence in the large rocking-chair, and seated herself on the arm, and taking the soft cheeks between her palms, she broke out: "Now, Grace, darling, how do you feel? I am so glad—so glad for you."

"I hardly know how I feel, now the first great surprise and joy is over, only I am just beginning to realize that he is—" her lips quivered, she could not yet speak the words Edward Dudley had written of himself.

Lucy was ready and skilful in comfort. "But it isn't a quarter as bad as it might be, if he had lost his eyes, or one of his limbs, or been cut up as many poor fellows are! Why it's nothing in comparison, Grace."

"I know, and I shall always remember this; but, when I think that I shall never watch him go down to the gate again with his quick, manly step—that he is maimed for life, it is hard at first. Maybe I was too proud of him;" she said this with a touching humility.

So Lucy argued, and comforted and sympathized, and Grace smiled faintly, and listened and struggled with herself, until Mrs. Palmer summoned the two girls down stairs.

Grace found that her father had returned; and, when he saw her, in the overflow of his

joy and sympathy, the Deacon took her in his arms before them all, and kissed her. "My daughter, the Lord has been very good to us!" was his simple comment.

And when they sat round the Deacon's table that night, heaped with a little more than its usual abundance, Nathaniel said: "I can't tell you, Grace, what a burden lifted itself from my thoughts when I saw that letter. I've felt for the last three weeks as though I'd lost my best friend."

"Complimentary to mother and me," with her pretty, pert toss of the head.

"Well, then, withdraw your interdict about my joining the regiment this fall, and I'll except you both."

Lucy shook her head, and the Deacon interposed: "Nathaniel, you served your country well while you could; and it would have been fool-hardy to jine the army so long as your health was so frail. You owe some care of your life, my boy, to your mother and sister."

"I know it, sir; and the one great aim of their existence seems to be, to prove to me that I'm made of nothing stouter than —. But, when I think of Dudley and Robert, and a hundred other brave fellows in the field, it seems a burning shame for me to be staying here at home pouring over my books;" and Nathaniel's face flashed with fervor and faded a little, as he caught Lucy's deprecating eyes.

"Perhaps, there'll come a chance for you yet, Nathaniel," said the Deacon; and though no one took particular notice of this speech at the time, they all remembered it afterwards. "It's been a strange summer," continued the Deacon, a little later, "with men's minds kept constantly on the watch for movements of the enemy and the tidings down South; but there's nothin' equalled that treachery of Benedict Arnold's!"

"Yes, that *does* beat all," subjoined Mrs. Palmer, as she passed her cake: "I knew his mother, Miss Arnold, almost as well as I do yours, Lucy, and she was a good, pious woman, and brought her son up in the fear of the Lord, if ever a mother did. It would have broken her heart outright, if she'd known that he'd ever turn traitor to his country. Dear me! mothers don't know what their boys is a coming to!" and she glanced anxiously towards Benny, who was quite too much absorbed in investigating the substratum of his cake of dried currants, to perceive the drift of her remark.

"It was one of the blackest deeds that history ever recorded," added Nathaniel Trueman; "and what has the man gained from his treachery, looked at from a merely material

stand-point—the scorn of every honest heart in the world—the execrations of all his own countrymen; certainly, it hasn't paid this time to serve the devil, Deacon Palmer."

"It never does, my boy, in the long run."

"But there's that poor Major André," suggested Mrs. Palmer. "I declare it did seem dreadful to have that young man hung, father! Think of his poor mother and sisters!"

"It was one of the awful necessities of war; and that can't al'ays take mothers and sisters into consideration."

"What a dreadful thing war is!" said Lucy Trueman, her bright face clouded with seriousness.

"Dreadful! but dishonor and slavery are worse!" said the Deacon.

And so the talk went and came, very much as ours does now, round that supper-table in the days of the Revolution.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINES.

BY H. A. HEYDON.

Once, if the clouds around were dark,
I still bent forward to the light;
But now, with closing of the day,
Draws near the night.

Once, if I said that I was sad,
I to the future looked for cheer;
But now, nor joy nor grief I see,
To hope or fear.

There is a tangled grief for which
The world no solace has, nor balm—
But still beyond Life's storm-lashed sea,
Lieth a calm.

It is an Autumn of my heart,
Not an October's crimson glow—
But like December's leaden sky,
It's ice and snow.

And by the sere-brown, fallen leaves—
And by the wild wind's piercing breath—
I know that Winter comes apace,
With chill and death.

But o'er December's dreary sky
A single starry beam will glide—
For 'mid the darkness and the storm,
Is Christmas tide.

So let me find when gathering chill,
Death's dark December veils my eyes,
A Christmas morning dawn for me,
But in the skies.

Away—beyond Life's setting sun—
Beyond the sorrow and the sin—
Oh Saviour! ope the golden gate,
And let me in.

Kings and Queens of England.

HENRY III.

Henry was a son of John and Isabella; he was ten years old when his father died, who left the nation in a most deplorable condition. Henry owed his elevation to the throne to William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, who married his sister Eleanor, and who had always been loyal to his father in all the fluctuations of his fortune. This nobleman assembled all the barons who adhered to his party, and addressed them with much eloquence, and by many arguments prevailed on them to recognize Henry as their king, who was solemnly crowned at Gloucester by the Bishops of Winchester and Bath, October 28, 1216, ten days after his father's death; he was called Henry of Winchester.

Owing to the unfortunate condition of the kingdom the ceremony could not be performed with the usual pomp, and the crown being lost on John's disastrous passage over Cross Keys Wash, a plain circle or chaplet of gold was substituted in its place. The Earl of Pembroke was constituted regent of the kingdom during the minority of Henry. The political abilities of the regent established the king on his throne; his wise and judicious measures united the nation in his support, and his continued exertions preserved the tranquillity of the kingdom.

His first care was to provide for the fulfilment of the royal promises in regard to the exact observance of the Magna Charta; he established law and order, and governed with wisdom, honor and success for nearly two years, when he died, universally lamented. His valor and prudence had raised the kingdom from the unhappy condition in which it was left by John, to a state of peace and comparative prosperity; his death was a great misfortune to England and to its king.

Had those who succeeded to his office and influence possessed the same talents and integrity, and imbued the mind of the young monarch with the same maxims, the reign of Henry would not have been marked by so many, and so violent convulsions.

When Henry was twenty years of age he was declared competent to govern for himself; then his want of ability became apparent, and he was found totally unqualified to rule the nation. He appeared easy and good-natured to his dependents, but in no way formidable to his enemies. His personal address was not

agreeable, his countenance was not pleasing, and he had no dignity in his manner; without activity or vigor, he was unfit to conduct in war; with distrust or suspicion, he was imposed on in times of peace. His notions of arbitrary power were neither supported by brilliant qualities, nor tempered with discretion. He was avaricious and prodigal, and constantly extorting money from his subjects, without increasing his treasures, but he was never cruel; he was contented to punish rebels in their purses, when he might have caused them to expire on the scaffold, and was always more desirous of the money than the blood of his enemies. His profuseness to his favorites, and his inconsiderate waste of money, were the source of his misfortunes. The narrowness of his genius, his inconstant and capricious temper, and his proneness to be guided by interested counsellors, are conspicuous in all the transactions of his reign. Henry married Elinor, daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence, January 14, 1236, and immediately raised her relations to the highest offices. He invited many foreigners to his court, and bestowed on them every office and command; at the same time their avarice and rapacity were exceeded only by their pride and insolence.

This partiality to strangers excited the jealousy of the barons, who were constantly protesting against it. At last, queen Isabella, Henry's mother, who some time before had married the Count de la Marche, came over from Gascony, and a new swarm of foreigners attended her, which gave new cause for dissatisfaction. For many years the king and the pope seemed to have acted in concert to exhaust and impoverish the realm; every few years the pretext of an expedition to the Holy Land was used to obtain money. To these just causes of complaint were added the king's unsuccessful expeditions to the Continent, his total want of economy, his oppressive exactions, and many other illegal evasions of justice. To save the kingdom from ruin, a remonstrance, in the name of the whole body of the barons, seven hundred in number, was presented to the king, in which they assured him that if he did not dismiss all foreigners from court, and correct other abuses, they would drive both him and them from the kingdom.

It appears astonishing that the high-spirited barons of England should have borne, for thirty years, the tyranny, the perfidy and the caprice of this weak king, whose government was odious to all classes of his subjects. But now a formidable confederacy was formed

at the head of which was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, a brother-in-law to the king; he having married Eleanor, the widow of the Earl of Pembroke. He was a man of eminent abilities and enterprising genius, and had been a great favorite with the king, by whose liberality he had been loaded with riches and honors; he was now the most active in opposition to Henry and his party. The foreigners, intimidated by the threats of the barons, shut themselves up in Winchester, where they were pursued, and were glad to capitulate on condition of being permitted to leave the kingdom.

The barons resolved to seize the person of the king, who being apprized of their design retired to the Tower. Thus by his unwise policy Henry was obliged to resign the government into the hands of the barons, who enjoyed the sovereign power for three years; but instead of using it for the reformation of abuses, they employed it for their own aggrandizement, and prostrated the rights of the people, so that all orders of men became dissatisfied, and called on Prince Edward to assert his own and his father's rights. At this time Edward was twenty-two years of age, and had given many proofs of his ability, wisdom and courage, which in some measure atoned for his father's weakness.

After a series of dark intrigues, Henry resolved to throw off the yoke of the barons, and a civil war seemed inevitable; but the mutual fears of the two parties suspended their mutual enmity. Two treaties were concluded through the mediation of Richard, the king's brother, which were almost immediately violated. Richard had been made king of the Romans by the pope; and now, when both parties had recourse to arms, Richard and Edward joined the king's army. They met at Lewes. The royal troops were formed in three divisions, commanded by Henry, Richard and Edward. The prince soon put to flight the body of Leicester's men, who were opposed to him, and while pursuing the rebels, both his father and uncle were defeated and taken prisoners. Edward and his cousin, Henry, agreed to surrender themselves prisoners in the place of their fathers, who, with all the other prisoners, on both sides, were to be released.

By this victory at Lewes, the Earl of Leicester had most of the royal family in his power, and governed the kingdom in Henry's name, but paid no regard to the treaty that had been ratified. He soon became an object of suspicion to the nobles; so to secure his ill acquired power he was obliged to have recourse to the

body of the people, and ordered each county to choose two knights, and every city and town to elect two of its wisest citizens to act for the people, who, in addition to the noblemen, were rulers in their own right. This is the origin of the English House of Commons; and at this time the great council of the nation began to be called the Parliament. The people had been considered in a civil or political point of view of no importance at all from the time of the conquest till now, and only the lay and ecclesiastical barons had a voice in the national council.

The Earl of Leicester hoped, by advancing the interests of the people, to raise himself to the throne; the barons became alarmed, and the Earl of Gloucester, his former associate, took up arms against him, and being joined by Prince Edward, who made his escape at this time, a battle soon after ensued, in which the loyal troops were victorious, and Leicester was killed; whose authority had been no less arbitrary than that of the monarch whose power he had usurped.

By this victory Edward was enabled to liberate his royal father, who had been detained fourteen months in captivity, and established him on his throne. He gained a number of other victories, by which peace was restored to the kingdom; and as there was no more fighting to be done at home, he resolved on an expedition to the Holy Land, which was at that time the highest object of human ambition.

Edward married Eleanor, a French princess, and embarked for Jerusalem, accompanied by his cousin Henry, and a great number of the English nobles, but only a small army of fighting men. He distinguished himself by many acts of valor, and revived among them the memory of his great uncle, Richard I. His martial fame struck such terror into the Saracens that they employed an assassin to murder him, who, under pretence of delivering to him private letters from the Governor of Joppa, was admitted to his room and attempted to stab him; but Edward, with great dexterity, wrested the dagger from his hand and killed him on the spot, though not without receiving a dangerous wound in his arm from the poisoned dagger; but the strength of his constitution and the skill of his surgeon effected a cure. This was the last of those romantic expeditions called the Crusades.

If Henry was a weak and capricious king, who caused his subjects much trouble and agitation, the result of his reign was favorable to popular freedom; and though the kingdom

was made poor by the vast sums extorted by the king and the pope, yet a considerable progress was made in literature, in arts of elegance and in architecture. Four of the present colleges at Oxford were founded in this reign, and Roger Bacon flourished, who was the most learned man of the time; he was a monk of Oxford, and applied his learning to the discovery of useful knowledge. He invented telescopes, microscopes, reading glasses and many kinds of astronomical and mathematical instruments, and was the discoverer of gunpowder; he also wrote several books. His learning being above others of his time, he was imprisoned for many years as a magician. Paper, which was invented in the reign of Henry II., was very little used before this time.

Henry, though deficient in the abilities necessary for a ruler, was not altogether wanting in sense; he was a promoter of the fine arts, and painting improved greatly in his reign; so also did architecture; and some of the finest Gothic buildings of England were erected in his reign. Westminster Abbey was taken down and rebuilt, and still remains a magnificent specimen of the architectural skill of the age. The Newcastle mines were opened in this reign. Henry expired at London, November 16, 1272. He was sixty-six years of age, and had reigned fifty-six years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Coffee vs. Brandy.

"We shall have to give them a wedding party," said Mrs. Eldridge to her husband.

Mr. Eldridge assented.

"They will be home to-morrow, and I think of sending out invitations for Thursday."

"As you like about that," replied Mr. Eldridge. "The trouble will be yours."

"You have no objection?"

"Oh, none in the world. Fanny is a good little girl, and the least we can do is to pay her this compliment on her marriage. I am not altogether satisfied about her husband, however; he was rather a wild sort of a boy a year or two ago."

"I guess he's all right now," remarked Mrs. Eldridge; "and he strikes me as a very kind-hearted, well-meaning young man. I have flattered myself that Fanny has done quite as well as the average run of girls."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Eldridge, a little thoughtfully.

"Will you be in the neighborhood of Snyder's?" inquired the lady.

"I think not. We are very busy just now, and I shall hardly have time to leave the store to-day. But I can step around there to-morrow."

"To-morrow, or even the next day will answer," replied Mrs. Eldridge. "You must order the liquors. I will attend to everything else."

"How many are you going to invite?" inquired Mr. Eldridge.

"I have not made out a list yet, but it will not fall much short of seventy or eighty."

"Seventy or eighty?" repeated Mr. Eldridge.

"Let me see! Three dozen of champagne; a dozen of sherry; a dozen of port; a dozen of hock, and a gallon of brandy,—that will be enough to put life into them I imagine."

"Or death!" Mrs. Eldridge spoke to herself, in an undertone.

Her husband, if he noticed the remark, did not reply to it, but said, "Good morning," and left the house. A lad about sixteen years of age sat in the room during this conversation, with a book in his hand and his eyes on the page before him. He did not once look up or move; and an observer would have supposed him so much interested in his book, as not to have heard the passing conversation. But he had listened to every word. As soon as Mr. Eldridge left the room, his book fell upon his lap, and looking towards Mrs. Eldridge he said, in an earnest but respectful manner:

"Don't have any liquor, mother."

Mrs. Eldridge looked neither offended nor irritated by this remonstrance, as she replied:

"I wish it were possible to avoid having liquor, my son; but it is the custom of society, and if we give a party, it must be in the way it is done by other people."

This did not satisfy the boy, who had been for some time associated with the Cadets of Temperance, and he answered, but with modesty and great respect of manner,

"If other people do wrong, mother,—what then?"

"I am not so sure of its being wrong, Henry."

"Oh, but mother," spoke out the boy, quickly, "if it hurts people to drink, it must be wrong to give them liquor. Now I've been thinking how much better it would be to have a nice cup of coffee. I am sure that four out of five would like it a great deal better than wine or brandy. And nobody could possibly receive any harm. Didn't you hear what father said about Mr.

Lewis? That he had been rather wild? I am sure I shall never forget seeing him stagger in the street once. I suppose he has reformed. But just think, if the taste should be revived again, and at our house, and he should become intoxicated at his wedding party! Oh, mother! It makes me feel dreadfully to think about it. And dear Cousin Fanny! What sorrow it would bring to her!"

"O dear, Henry! Don't talk in that kind of a way! You make me shudder all over. You're getting too much carried away by this subject of temperance."

And Mrs. Eldridge left the room to look after her domestic duties. But she could not push from her mind certain uneasy thoughts, which her son's suggestions had awakened. During the morning, an intimate lady friend came in, to whom Mrs. Eldridge spoke of the intended party.

"And would you believe it," she said, "that old-fashioned boy of mine, actually proposed that we should have coffee, instead of wine and brandy."

"And you're going to adopt the suggestion," replied the lady, her face lighting up with a pleasant smile.

"It would suit my own views exactly; but then, such an innovation upon a common usage as that, is not to be thought of for a moment."

"And why not?" asked the lady. "Coffee is safe; while wine and brandy are always dangerous in promiscuous companies. You can never tell in what morbid appetite you may excite an unhealthy craving. You may receive into your house a young man with intellect clear, and moral purposes well balanced, and send him home at midnight, to his mother, stupid from intoxication! Take your son's advice, my friend. Exclude the wine and brandy, and give a pleasant cup of coffee to your guests instead."

"O dear, no, I can't do that!" said Mrs. Eldridge. "It would look as if we were too mean to furnish wines and brandy. Besides, my husband would never consent to it."

"Let me give you a little experience of my own. It may help you to a right decision in this case."

The lady spoke with some earnestness, and a sober cast of thought in her countenance. "It is now about three years since I gave a large party, at which a number of young men were present,—boys I should rather say. Among these was the son of an old and very dear friend. He was in his nineteenth year—a handsome,

intelligent, and most agreeable person—full of life and pleasant humor. At supper-time, I noticed him with a glass of champagne in his hand, gaily talking with some ladies. In a little while after, my eye happening to rest on him, I saw him holding a glass of port wine to his lips, which was emptied at a single draught. Again passing near him, in order to speak to a lady, I observed a tumbler in his hand, and

knew the contents to be brandy and water. This caused me to feel some concern, and I kept him in closer observation. In a little while he was at the table again, pouring out another glass of wine. I thought it might be for a lady upon whom he was in attendance; but no, the sparkling liquor touched his own lips. When the company returned to the parlors, the flushed face, swimming eyes, and over-hilarious manner of my young friend, showed too plainly that he had been drinking to excess. He was so much excited as to attract the attention of every one, and his condition became the subject of remark. I was mortified and distressed at the occurrence, and drawing him from the room, made free to tell him the truth. He showed some indignation at first, and intimated that I had insulted him; but I rebuked him sternly, and told him he had better go home. I was too much excited to act very wisely. He took me at my word, and left the house.

There was no sleep for my eyes on that night, Mrs. Eldridge. The image of that boy, going home to his mother at midnight, in such a condition, and made so by my hand, haunted me like a rebuking spectre; and I resolved never again to set out a table with liquors to a promiscuous company of young and old, and I have kept that word of promise. My husband is not willing to have a party, unless there is wine with the refreshments, and I would rather forego all entertainments, than put temptation in the way of any one. Your son's suggestion is admirable. Have the independence to act upon it, and set an example which many will be glad to follow. Don't fear criticism or remark; don't stop to ask what this one will say, or that one think. The approval of our own consciences is worth far more than the opinions of men. Is it right? that is the question to ask; not how will it appear, or what will people say? There will be a number of parties given to your niece without doubt; and if you lead off with coffee instead of wine, all the rest of Fanny's friends may follow the good example."

When Mr. Eldridge came home at dinner-time, his wife said to him:

"You needn't order any liquors from Snyder."

"Why not?" Mr. Eldridge looked at his wife with some surprise.

"I'm going to have coffee, instead of wine and brandy," said Mrs. Eldridge, speaking firmly.

"Nonsense! You're jesting."

"No, I'm in earnest. These liquors are not only expensive, but dangerous things to offer freely in mixed companies. Many boys get their first taste for drink at fashionable parties, and many reformed men have the old fiery thirst revived by a glass of wine poured out for them in social hospitality. I am afraid to have my conscience burdened with the responsibility which this involves."

"There is no question as to the injury that is done by this free pouring out of liquors at our fashionable entertainments. I've long enough seen that," said Mr. Eldridge, "but she will be a bold lady, who ventures to offer a cup of coffee in place of a glass of wine. You had better think twice on this subject before you act once."

"I've done little else but think about it for the last two hours, and the more I think about it the more settled my purpose becomes."

"But what put this thing into your head?" inquired Mr. Eldridge. "You were in full sail for a party this morning, liquor and all; this sudden tacking for a new course, is a little surprising. I'm puzzled."

"Your son put it into my head," replied Mrs. Eldridge.

"Henry! Well, that boy does beat all!" Mr. Eldridge did not speak with disapprobation, but with a tone of pleasure in his voice. "And so he proposed that we should have coffee instead of wine and brandy?"

"Yes."

"Bravo for Harry! I like that. But what will people say, my dear? I don't want to become a laughing stock."

"I'd rather have other people laugh at me for doing right," said Mrs. Eldridge, "than to have my conscience blame me for doing wrong."

"Must we give the party?" asked Mr. Eldridge, who did not feel much inclined to brave public opinion.

"I don't see that we can well avoid doing so. Parties will be given, and as Fanny is our niece, it will look like a slight towards her if we hold back. No, she must have a party; and as I am resolved to exclude liquor, we must come in first. Who knows but all the rest may follow our example."

"Don't flatter yourself on any such result. We shall stand alone, you may depend upon it."

The evening of the party came, and a large company assembled at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge. At eleven o'clock they passed to the supper-room. On this time, the thoughts of the host and hostess had passed, ever and anon, during the whole evening, and not without many misgivings as to the effect their entertainment would produce on the minds of the company. Mr. Eldridge was particularly nervous on the subject. There were several gentlemen present whom he knew to be lovers of good wine; gentlemen at whose houses he had often been entertained, and never without the exhilarating glass. How would they feel? What would they think? What would they say? These questions fairly haunted him; and he regretted, over and over again, that he had yielded to his wife and excluded the liquors.

But there was no holding back now; the die was cast; and they must stand to the issue. Mr. Eldridge tried to speak pleasantly to the lady on his arm, as he ascended to the supper-room; but the words came heavily from his tongue, for his heart was dying in him. Soon the company were around the table, and eyes, critical in such matters, taking hurried inventories of what it contained. Setting aside the wine and brandy, the entertainment was of the most liberal character, and the whole arrangement extremely elegant. At each end of the table stood a large coffee-urn, surrounded with cups, the meaning of which was not long a mystery to the company. After the terrapin, oysters, salad, and their accompaniments, Mr. Eldridge said to a lady, in a half hesitating voice, as if he were almost ashamed to ask the question:

"Will you have a cup of coffee?"

"If you please," was the smiling answer.

"Nothing would suit me better."

"Delicious!" Mr. Eldridge heard one of the gentlemen, of whom he stood most in dread, say: "This is indeed a treat. I wouldn't give such a cup of coffee for the best glass of wine you could bring me."

"I am glad you are pleased," Mr. Eldridge could not help remarking, as he turned to the gentleman.

"You couldn't have pleased me better," was replied.

Soon the cups were circling through the room, and every one seemed to enjoy the rich beverage. It was not the ghost of coffee, nor coffee robbed of its delicate aroma; but clear, strong, fragrant, and mellowed by the most delicious cream. Having elected to serve coffee, Mrs. Eldridge was careful that her entertain-

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ment should not prove a failure through any lack of excellence in this article. And it was very far from proving a failure. The first surprise being over, one and another began to express an opinion on the subject to the host and hostess.

"Let me thank you," said a lady, taking the hand of Mrs. Eldridge, and speaking very warmly, "for your courage in making this innovation upon a custom of doubtful prudence. I thank you, as a mother, who has two sons here to-night."

She said no more, but Mrs. Eldridge understood well her whole meaning.

"You are a brave man, and I honor you," was the remark of a gentleman to Mr. Eldridge. "There will be many, I think, to follow your good example. I should never have had the courage to lead, but I think I shall be brave enough to follow, when it comes my turn to entertain my friends."

Henry was standing by his father, when this was said, listening with respectful, but deeply gratified attention.

"My son, sir," said Mr. Eldridge.

The gentleman took the boy's hand, and while he held it, the father added,

"I must let the honor go to where it really is due. The suggestion came from him. He is a Cadet of Temperance, and when the party was talked of, he pleaded so earnestly for the substitution of coffee for wine and brandy, and used such good reasons for the change, that we saw only one right course before us, and that we have adopted."

The gentleman, on hearing this, shook the lad's hand warmly, and said,

"Your father has reason to be proud of you, my brave boy! There is no telling what good may grow out of this thing. Others will follow your father's example, and hundreds of young men be saved from the enticements of the wine cup."

With what strong throbs of pleasure did the boy's heart beat, when these words came to his ears. He had scarcely hoped for success, when he pleaded briefly, but earnestly, with his mother. Yet he felt that he must speak, for to his mind, what she proposed doing was a great evil. Since it had been resolved to banish liquor from the entertainment, he had heard his father and mother speak several times doubtfully as to the result; and more than once his father expressed regret that any such "foolish" attempt to run in the face of people's prejudices had been thought of. Naturally, he had felt anxious about the result; but now that the

affair had gone off so triumphantly, his heart was outgushing with pleasure.

The result was as had been predicted. Four parties were given to the bride, and in each case the good example of Mrs. Eldridge was followed. Coffee took the place of wine and brandy, and it was the remark of nearly all, that there had been no pleasanter parties during the season.

So much for what a boy may do, by only a few right words, spoken at the right time, and in the right manner. Henry Eldridge was thoughtful, modest, and earnest-minded. His attachment to the cause of temperance was not a mere boyish enthusiasm; but the result of a conviction, that intemperance was a vice, destructive to both soul and body; and one that lay like a curse and a plague-spot on society. He could understand how, if the boys rejected, entirely, the cup of confusion, the next generation of men would be sober; and this had led him to join the Cadets, and do all in his power to get other lads to join also. In drawing other lads into the order, he had been very successful; and now, in a few respectfully uttered, but earnest words, he had checked the progress of intemperance in a circle far beyond the ordinary reach of his influence.

Henry Eldridge was a happy boy that night.

HOW MEN GROW.—Henry Ward Beecher thus tells: "Even in the darkest cellar, when spring comes, the tuber will sprout. No rains help it, and no sunlight; yet it will waste its very life in shooting forth long and etiolated stems, and reach towards any chink or crevice through which the faintest gleam may come. But so little light as that makes growth to be exhaustion. And such are men grown in the darkneess and dungeons of oppression; while a free man, with all the circumstances and opportunity of admirable liberty, resembles more our own New England pine, that asks not richness of soil; that grows from among the rocks, and clothes the granite hills, and feeds abundantly, even in the very sands—whose leaf never withers, and is as green in the winter as in the summer. Behold it, standing on the mountain's top, and singing with every branch when the summer winds sigh through it; and even in the direst extremity of winter bearing up the cold snows upon its tufted branches, as the warrior carries the white plume upon his head. And such is the man full grown, and strong in the nourishing air of liberty."

The Soldier's Dying Wife.

BY ALMENA C. S. ALLARD.

"I am weary waiting, mother,
Through the days and nights so long;
I am weary, weary watching,
At the evening and the dawn;
And when tossing on my pillow,
Brow and heart so full of pain,
When the chill and solemn midnight
Holds o'er earth its silent reign.

"I half fancy he is coming,
That I hear his step once more,
Coming up the flag-stone pavement,
That his hand is on the door;
And I hold my breath and listen
For his voice, but all in vain;
It was nothing but the patter
And the sobbing of the rain.

"Mother, darling, I shall never
Look again upon his face;
I had hoped through all these spring days
For one more, one last embrace;
But I bow in resignation,
For I feel it may not be;
I am by the river Jordan;—
He is by the Tennessee.

"If he comes when war is ended,
With that step so proud and high,
With the fire of battle flashing
In his lofty eagle eye:
If his dear face seems expectant,
As he enters at the gate,
And if towards the door he glances,
Seeming some one to await;—

"Go out, mother, dear, and greet him
Tenderly, but do not weep;
When he eager asks for 'Annie,'
Tell him that I am asleep;
Take him to our own room, mother,
Let the books be all arranged,
And the vases and the pictures
As they were; let naught be changed.

"Give him then this letter, mother,
His deep sorrow it will tell:
With my dying blessing freighted,
Closing with my sad farewell;
You must go and leave him, mother,
Till the first wild storm is past—
For his form will bend and quiver,
Like a strong oak in the blast.

"If he says that all the honor
He has earned is nothing now—
He would rather have, than laurels,
Annie's hand upon his brow—
He would rather hear one accent
Of her voice, than all the praise,
Than all the acclamations
A grateful land could raise.

"Go, and sit down by him, mother,
Wipe the hot tears from his face—
Take the curls I cut off, gently
From their quiet resting place;
Place them in his hand, where hanging,
They may fall in a caress;
Ah, how often in his fondness,
He has toyed with each tress!

"You must tell him then, my mother,
That as grew the hectic deep,
Flamed the torches death had lighted
On the paleness of my cheek;—
Tell him how I longed to see him,
But was happier, the bride
Of an absent, soldier husband,
Than with coward by my side.

"Mother, it is very bitter,
And my aching heart is sore,
That his voice's tender accents
I shall listen to no more;
That my head so weak and drooping,
Never, never more will rest,
Where so oft it has been pillowed,
On his broad and manly breast.

"This may seem like weakness, mother,
Ill becoming soldier's wife;
But the heart will not be stifled—
Love is parallel with life;
But the heart must yield to duty,
Though it should be cleft in twain;
And were Verner here, as last Spring,
I should send him forth again.

"'Donelson' and 'Pittsburg Landing'
Names I shudder yet to hear,
For within those long wide trenches,
Friends of others just as dear,
As the one for whom I trembled,
Sleep unshrouded and unblest
By the rain-drops of affection,
Dropping o'er their place of rest.

"But you must not tell him, mother,
Of the chills that shook my frame,
As among the 'killed and wounded'
List, I searched to find his name;
Cold suspense seemed like a serpent,
Twined around my shrinking form,
And my drooping life has yielded,
As a flower in the storm.

"Is the evening coming, mother?
For the room is getting dark;
No—I feel it is the shadow
Of the valley, which my bark
Of life is swiftly nearing.
Farewell, mother, mother dear;
Tell him all that I have told you—
Tell him Annie still is near."

McCONNELSVILLE, OHIO.

Country Life.

The "Country Parson," who has the merit of taking practical and common sense views of things, offers a few suggestions on country life that are interesting, as going past all romance, and bringing us to the actual. He says:—

I wish to assure the man, shut up in a great city, that he has compensations and advantages of which he probably does not think. The keenness of his relish for country scenes, the intensity of his enjoyment of his occasional glimpses of them, counterbalance in a great degree the fact that his glimpses of them are but few. I live in the country now, and have done so for several years. It is a beautiful district of country too, and amid a quiet and simple population; yet I must confess that my youthful notion of rural bliss is a good deal abated. "Use lessens marvel, it is said:" one cannot be always in raptures about what one sees every hour of every day. It is the man in populous cities pent, who knows the value of green fields. It is your cockney (I mean your educated Londoner) who reads *Bracebridge Hall* with the keenest delight, and luxuriates in the thought of country scenes, country houses, country life. He has not come close enough to discern the flaws and blemishes of the picture; and he has not learned by experience that in whatever scenes led, human life is always much the same thing. I have long since found that the country, in this nineteenth century, is by no means a scene of Arcadian innocence;—that its apparent simplicity is sometimes dogged stupidity;—that men lie and cheat in the country just as much as in the town, and that the country has even more of mischievous tittle-tattle;—that sorrow and care and anxiety may quite well live in Elizabethan cottages grown over with honeysuckle and jasmine, and that very sad eyes may look forth from windows round which roses twine. The poets (town poets, no doubt) were drawing upon their imagination, when they told how "Virtue lives in Irwan's Vale," and how "with peace and plenty there, lives the happy villager." Virtue and religion are plants of difficult growth, even in the country; and notwithstanding Cowper's exquisite poem, I am not sure that "The calm retreat, the silent shade, with prayer and praise agree," better than the closet into which the weary man may enter, in the quiet evening, after the business and bustle of the town. People may pace up

and down a country lane, between fragrant hedges of blossoming hawthorn, and tear their neighbors' characters to very shreds. And the eye that is sharp to see the minutest object on the hillside far away, may be blind to the beauty which is spread over all the landscape. Nor is the country always in the trim holiday dress which delights the summer wayfarer. Country roads are not all nicely gravelled walks between edges of clipped box, or through velvety turf, shaven by weekly mowings. There are many days on which the country looks, to any one without a most decided taste for it, extremely bleak and drear. The roads are puddles of mud, which will search its way through boots to which art has supplied soles of two inches thickness. The deciduous trees are shivering skeletons, bending before the howling blast. The sheep paddle about the brown fields, eating turnips mingled with clay. Now, for myself, I like all that: but a man from the town would not. I positively enjoy the wet, blustering afternoon, with its raw wind, its driving sleet, its roads of mud. How delightful the rapid "constitutional" from half-past two till half-past four, with the comfortable feeling that we have accomplished a good forenoon's work at our desk (sermon or article, as the case may be), and with the cheerful prospect of getting rid of all these sloppy garments, and feeling so snug and clean ere we sit down to dinner, when we shall hear the rain and wind softened into music through the warm crimson drapery of our windows; and then the evening of leisure amid books and music, with the *placens uxor*, on the other easy-chair by the fireside, and the little children, screaming with delight, tumbling about one's knees. So I like even the gusty, rainy afternoon, for the sake of all that it suggests to me. Nor will the true inhabitant of the country forget the delight with which he has hailed a gloomy, drizzling November day, when he has evergreen shrubs to transplant. Have I not stood for hours, in a state of active and sensible enjoyment, watching how the hollies and yews and laurels gradually clothed some bare spot or unsightly corner, rejoicing that the calm air and ceaseless mizzle which made my attendants and myself like soaked sponges, was life to these stout shoots and these bright hearty green leaves! But a town man does not understand all these things; and I have no doubt that on one of these January days, when the entire distant prospect—hills, sky, trees, fields—might be faithfully depicted on canvas by different shades of Indian ink, he

would see nothing in the prospect but gloom and desolation.

Then it is very picturesque to see the ploughman at work on a soft, mild winter day. It is a beautiful contrast, that light brown of the turned-over earth, and the fresh green of the remainder of the field; and what more pleasing than these lines of furrow, so beautifully straight and regular? But go up and walk by the ploughman's side, you man from town, and see how you like it. You will find it awfully dirty work. In a few minutes you will find it difficult to drag along your feet, laden with some pounds weight to each of adherent earth; and you will have formed some idea of the physical exertion, and the constant attention, which the ploughman needs, to keep his furrow straight and even, to retain the plough the right depth in the ground, and to manage his horses. Hard work for that poor fellow; and ill-paid work. No horse, mule, donkey, camel, or other beast of labor in the world, goes through so much exertion in proportion to his strength, between sunrise and sunset, as does that rational being, all to earn the humblest shelter and the poorest fare that will maintain bare life. You walk beside him, and see how poorly he is dressed. His feet have been wet since six o'clock A. M., when he went half a mile from his cottage up to the stables of the farm to dress his horses: he has had a little tea and coarse bread, and nothing more, for his dinner at twelve o'clock (I speak from personal knowledge): he will have nothing more till his twelve (I have known it fifteen) hours of work are finished, when he will have his scanty supper: and while he is walking backwards and forwards all day, his mind is not so engaged but that he has abundant time to think of his little home anxieties, which are not little to him, though they may be nothing, my reader, to you—of the ailing wife at home, for whom the doctor orders wine which he cannot buy, and of the children, poorly fed, and barely clad, and hardly at all educated, born to the same life of toil and penury as himself. I know nothing about political economy; I have not understanding for it; and I feel glad, when I think of the social evils I see, that the responsibility of treating them rests upon abler heads than mine. Neither do I know how much truth there may be in the stories of which I hear the echoes from afar, of the occasional privation and oppression of the manufacturing poor, against which, as it seems to me, these unhappy strikes and trades unions are their helpless and frantic appeal. But I can say, from my own

knowledge of the condition of our agricultural population, that sometimes men bearing the character of reputable farmers practise as great tyranny and cruelty towards their laborers and cottars, under a pure sky and amid beautiful scenery, as ever disgraced the ugly and smoky factory-town, where such things seem more in keeping with the locality.

Yet, though in a gloomy mood, one can easily make out a long catalogue of country evils,—evils which I know cannot be escaped in a fallen world, and among a sinful race,—still I thank God that my lot is cast in the country. I know, indeed, that the town contains at once the best and the worst of mankind. In the country, we are, intellectually and morally, a sort of middling species; we do not present the extremes, either in good or evil, which are to be found in the hot-house atmosphere of great cities. There is no reasoning with tastes, as every one knows; but to some men there is, at every season, an indescribable charm about a country life. I like to know all about the people around me; and I do not care though in return they know all, and more than all, about me. I like the audible stillness in which one lives on autumn days; the murmur of the wind through trees even when leafless, and the brawl of the rivulet even when swollen and brown. There is a constant source of innocent pleasure and interest in little country cares, in planting and tending trees and flowers, in sympathizing with one's horses and dogs,—even with pigs and poultry. And although one may have lived beyond middle age without the least idea that he had any taste for such matters, it is amazing how soon he will find, when he comes to call a country home his own, that the taste has only been latent, kept down by circumstances, and ready to spring into vigorous existence whenever the repressing circumstances are removed. Men in whom this is not so, are the exception to the universal rule. Take the senior wrangler from his college, and put him down in a pretty country parsonage; and in a few weeks he will take kindly to training honeysuckle and climbing roses, he will find scope for his mathematics in laying out a flower-garden, and he will be all excitement in planning and carrying out an evergreen shrubbery, a primrose bank, a winding walk, a little stream with a tiny waterfall, spanned by a rustic bridge. Proud he will be of that piece of engineering, as ever was Robert Stephenson when he had spanned the stormy Menai. There is something in all this simple work that makes a man

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kind-hearted: out-of-door occupation of this sort gives one much more cheerful views of men and things, and disposes one to sympathize heartily with the cottager proud of his little rose-plots, and of his enormous gooseberry that attained to renown in the pages of the county newspaper. I do not say anything of the incalculable advantage to health which arises from this pleasant intermingling of mental and physical occupation in the case of the recluse scholar; nor of the animated rebound with which one lays down the pen or closes the volume, and hastens out to the total change of interest which is found in the open air; nor of the evening at mental work again, but with the lungs that play so freely, the head that feels so cool and clear, the hand so firm and ready, testifying that we have not forgotten the grand truth that to care for bodily health and condition is a Christian duty, bringing with its due discharge an immediate and sensible blessing. I am sure that the poor man who comes to ask a favor of his parish clergyman, has a far better chance of finding a kind and unhurried hearing, if he finds him of an afternoon superintending his labors, rosy with healthful exercise, delighted with the good effect which has been produced by some little improvement—the deviation of a walk, the placing of an araucaria—than if he found the parson a bilious, dyspeptic, splenetic, gloomy, desponding, morose, misanthropic, horrible animal, with knitted brow and jarring nerves, lounging in his easy-chair before the fire, and afraid to go out into the fine clear air, for fear (unhappy wretch) of getting a sore throat or a bad cough. I remember to have read somewhere of an humble philanthropist who undertook the reformation of a number of juvenile thieves; and for that end employed them in a large garden somewhere near London, to raise vegetables and flowers for the market. There did the youthful prig concentrate his thoughts on the planting of cabbage, and find the unwonted delight of a day spent in innocent labor; there did the area-sneak bud the rose and set the potato; and there, as days passed on, under the gentle influence of vegetable nature, did a healthier, happier, purer tone come over the spiritual nature, even as a healthier blood came to heart and veins. The philanthropist was a true philosopher. There is not a more elevating and purifying occupation than that of tending the plants of the earth. I should never be afraid of finding a man revengeful, malignant, or cruel, whom I knew to be fond of his shrubs and flowers.

And I believe that in the mind of most men of cultivation, there is some vague, undefined sense that the country is the scene where human life attains its happiest development. I believe that the great proportion of such men cherish the hope, perhaps a distant and faint one, that at some time they shall possess a country home where they may pass the last years tranquilly, far from the tumult of cities. Many of those who cherish such a hope will never realize it; and many more are quite unsuited for enjoying a country life were it within their reach. But all this is founded upon the instinctive desire there is in human nature to possess some portion of the earth's surface. You look with indescribable interest at an acre of ground which is your own. There is something quite remarkable about your own trees. You have a sense of property in the sunset over your own hills. And there is a perpetual pleasure in the sight of a fair landscape, seen from your own door. Do not believe people who say that all scenes soon become indifferent, through being constantly seen. An ugly street may cease to be a vexation, when you get accustomed to it; but a pleasant prospect becomes even more pleasant, when the beauty which arises from your own associations with it is added to that which is properly its own. No doubt, you do grow weary of the landscape before your windows, when you are spending a month at some place of temporary sojourn, seaside or inland; but it is quite different with that which surrounds your own home. You do not try that by so exacting a standard. You never think of calling your constant residence dull, though it may be quiet to a degree which would make you think a place insupportably dull, to which you were paying a week's visit.

SELF-SACRIFICES.—There is not one of us who has not a brother or a sister, a friend or a schoolmate, whom we can make better as well as happier. Every day calls upon us for sacrifices of small selfishness, for forbearance under provocation, and for the subjugation of evil propensities. Drop the stone you were about to throw in retaliation for insult; unclench that fist with which you were about to redress some supposed, perhaps some real wrong; silence that tongue, about to utter words which would poison like the venom of asps; expel that wicked imagination, that comes into your thoughts as Satan came into the Garden of Eden; for if you do not drive that out of your paradise, it will drive you out.

A Class of American Women.

Anthony Trollope, in his recent volume on North America, lets off some pretty severe philippics on a class of American women, who do not always conduct themselves with a due regard to masculine rights. It will do them no harm to see themselves as others see them. He thus writes:—

I soon gave up all attempts at keeping a seat in one of these cars. It became my practice to sit down on the outside iron rail behind, and as the conductor generally sat in my lap I was in a measure protected. As for the inside of these vehicles, the women of New York were, I must confess, too much for me. I would no sooner place myself on a seat, than I would be called on by a mute, unexpressive, but still impressive stare into my face, to surrender my place. From cowardice if not from gallantry I would always obey; and as this led to discomfort and an irritated spirit, I preferred nursing the conductor on the hard bar in the rear.

And here if I seem to say a word against women in America, I beg that it may be understood that I say that word only against a certain class; and even as to that class I admit that they are respectable, intelligent, and, as I believe, industrious. Their manners, however, are to me more odious than those of any other human beings that I ever met elsewhere. Nor can I go on with that which I have to say without carrying my apology further, lest perchance I should be misunderstood by some American women whom I would not only exclude from my censure, but would include in the very warmest eulogium which words of mine could express as to those of the female sex whom I love and admire the most. I have known, do know, and mean to continue to know as far as in me may lie, American ladies as bright, as beautiful, as graceful, as sweet, as mortal limits for brightness, beauty, grace, and sweetness will permit. They belong to the aristocracy of the land, by whatever means they may have become aristocrats. In America one does not inquire as to their birth, their training, or their old names. The fact of their aristocratic power comes out in every word and look. It is not only so with those who have travelled or with those who are rich. I have found female aristocrats with families and slender means, who have as yet made no grand tour across the ocean. These women

are charming beyond expression. It is not only their beauty. Had he been speaking of such, Wendell Phillips would have been right in saying that they have brains all over them. So much for those who are bright and beautiful; who are graceful and sweet! And now a word as to those who to me are neither bright nor beautiful; and who can be to none either graceful or sweet.

It is a hard task that of speaking ill of any woman, but it seems to me that he who takes upon himself to praise incurs the duty of dispraising also where dispraise is, or to him seems to be, deserved. The trade of a novelist is very much that of describing the softness, sweetness, and loving dispositions of women; and this he does, copying as best he can from nature. But if he only sings of that which is sweet, whereas that which is not sweet too frequently presents itself, his song will in the end be untrue and ridiculous. Women are entitled to much observance from men, but they are entitled to no observance which is incompatible with truth. Women, by the conventional laws of society, are allowed to exact much from men, but they are allowed to exact nothing for which they should not make some adequate return. It is well that a man should kneel in spirit before the grace and weakness of a woman, but it is not well that he should kneel either in spirit or body if there be neither grace or weakness. A man should yield everything to a woman for a word, for a smile,—to one look of entreaty. But if there be no look of entreaty, no word, no smile, I do not see that he is called upon to yield much.

The happy privileges with which women are at present blessed, have come to them from a spirit of chivalry. That spirit has taught men to endure in order that women may be at their ease; and has generally taught women to accept the ease bestowed on them with grace and thankfulness. But in America the spirit of chivalry has sunk deeper among men than it has among women. It must be borne in mind that in that country material well-being and education are more extended than with us; and that, therefore, men there have learned to be chivalrous who with us have hardly progressed so far. The conduct of men to women throughout the States is always gracious. They have learned the lesson. But it seems to me that the women have not advanced as far as the men have done. They have acquired a sufficient perception of the privileges which chivalry gives them, but no perception of that return which chivalry demands from them.

Women of the class to which I allude are always talking of their rights; but seem to have a most indifferent idea of their duties. They have no scruple at demanding from men everything that a man can be called on to relinquish in a woman's behalf, but they do so without any of that grace which turns the demand made into a favor conferred.

I have seen much of this in various cities of America, but much more of it in New York than elsewhere. I have heard young Americans complain of it, swearing that they must change the whole tenor of their habits towards women. I have heard American ladies speak of it with loathing and disgust. For myself, I have entertained on sundry occasions that sort of feeling for an American woman which the close vicinity of an unclean animal produces. I have spoken of this with reference to street cars, because in no position of life does an unfortunate man become more liable to these anti-feminine atrocities than in the centre of one of these vehicles. The woman, as she enters, drags after her a misshapen, dirty mass of dotted wirework, which she calls her crinoline, and which adds as much to her grace and comfort as a log of wood does to a donkey when tied to the animal's leg in a paddock. Of this she takes much heed, not managing it so that it may be conveyed up the carriage with some decency, but striking it about against men's legs, and heaving it with violence over people's knees. The touch of a real woman's dress is in itself delicate; but these blows from a harpy's fins are loathsome. If there be two of them they talk loudly together, having a theory that modesty has been put out of court by women's rights. But, though not modest, the woman I describe is ferocious in her propriety. She ignores the whole world around her, and as she sits with raised chin and face flattened by affectation, she pretends to declare aloud that she is positively not aware that any man is even near her. She speaks as though to her, in her womanhood, the neighborhood of men was the same as that of dogs or cats. They are there, but she does not hear them, see them, or even acknowledge them by any courtesy of motion. But her own face always gives her the lie. In her assumption of indifference she displays her nasty consciousness, and at each attempt of a would-be propriety is guilty of an immodesty. Who does not know the timid retiring face of the young girl who when alone among men unknown to her feels that it becomes her to keep herself secluded? As many men as there are around

her, so many knights has such a one, ready buckled for her service, should occasion require such services. Should it not, she passes on unmolested,—but not, as she herself will wrongly think, unheeded. But as to her of whom I am speaking, we may say that every twist of her body and every tone of her voice is an unsuccessful falsehood. She looks square at you in the face, and you rise to give her your seat. You rise from a deference to your own old convictions, and from that courtesy which you have ever paid to a woman's dress, let it be worn with ever such hideous deformities. She takes the place from which you have moved without a word or a bow. She twists herself round, banging your shins with her wires, while her chin is still raised, and her face is still flattened, and she directs her friend's attention to another seated man, as though that place were also vacant, and necessarily at her disposal. Perhaps the man opposite has his own ideas about chivalry. I have seen such a thing, and have rejoiced to see it.

You will meet these women daily, hourly,—everywhere in the streets. Now and again you will find them in society, making themselves even more odious there than elsewhere. Who they are, whence they come, and why they are so unlike that other race of women of which I have spoken, you will settle for yourself. Do we not all say of our chance acquaintances after half an hour's conversation,—nay, after half an hour spent in the same room without conversation,—that this woman is a lady, and that that other woman is not? They jostle each other even among us, but never seem to mix. They are closely allied; but neither imbues the other with her attributes. Both shall be equally well-born, or both shall be equally ill-born; but still it is so. The contrast exists in England; but in America it is much stronger. In England women become ladylike or vulgar. In the States they are either charming or odious.

See that female walking down Broadway. She is not exactly such a one as her I have attempted to describe on her entrance into the street car; for this lady is well dressed, if fine clothes will make well-dressing. The machinery of her hoops is not battered, and altogether she is a personage much more distinguished in all her expenditures. But yet she is a copy of the other woman. Look at the train which she drags behind her over the dirty pavement, where dogs have been, and chewers of tobacco, and everything concerned with filth except a scavenger. At every hun-

dred yards some unhappy man treads upon the silken swab which she trails behind her,—loosening it dreadfully at the girth one would say; and then see the style of face and the expression of features with which she accepts the sinner's half-muttered apology. The world, she supposes, owes her everything because of her silken train,—even room enough in a crowded thoroughfare to drag it along unmolested. But, according to her theory, she owes the world nothing in return. She is a woman with perhaps a hundred dollars on her back, and having done the world the honor of wearing them in the world's presence, expects to be repaid by the world's homage and chivalry. But chivalry owes her nothing,—nothing, though she walk about beneath a hundred times a hundred dollars,—nothing even though she be a woman. Let every woman learn this,—that chivalry owes her nothing unless she also acknowledge her debt to chivalry. She must acknowledge it and pay it; and then chivalry will not be backward in making good her claims upon it.

How to Beautify Life.

There is no more marked phase of the prevailing prodigality than the extravagance of the female toilet. That the rich should spend their wealth is naturally to be expected, but it would be well if it were spent in such a way as not to vulgarize the tastes and demoralize the character of their fellow-citizens. The expenditure of the opulent, particularly that of women, is too personal in its character, and necessarily leads to imitation. If the wealthy dame will persist in making a show of her riches upon her person, her less opulent rival will not be outdone in expense, even if she should break her back or her husband's credit by its weight. There is such a spirit of intense competition in the female heart that no consequences will deter a woman from an effort to equal a rival in personal attractions, which the female sex will persist in thinking depend upon the richness of their adornments.

If, however, women dressed to please their male admirers, they would remember that it is the universal sentiment of mankind that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," and that even homeliness gains nothing by being richly set. There is not one man out of a hundred who has not "dealt in the article" who is conscious of the difference between

Brussels and cotton lace, or silk and calico. All that the most fastidious male admirer will insist upon is, that propriety of female dress which comes from suitableness and harmony of color, neatness of fit and perfectness of detail. There is nothing so charming to a cultivated man as the exhibition on a woman's dress of a refined taste, exercised in the simplest materials. A plain calico neatly made and cunningly trimmed, with the nice proprieties of a pure white collar, a hand well gloved, and a foot *bien chaussée*, is the drapery the most provocative of admiration the male observer is conscious of.

Women, however, do not dress to attract the opposite sex, but their own. Men admire in female attire the becoming, but women the costly. It is to catch the knowing woman's eye, which can tell at a glance the difference between the cheap and the expensive, that our Junos spread out their fine feathers. Cheap calicoes are eschewed for *moire antiques*, cotton for Valenciennes lace, and French shawls for Cashmeres, and for no better reason than because cheap is cheap, and dear is dear, and sharp-sighted woman is conscious of the difference, and admires the wearer accordingly.

It is astonishing to what an extent this passion for expense in female dress is carried. Let us count the items. There is the jewelry, which may amount to any sum from one to thousands of dollars. There are the laces, with the multiple varieties of Valenciennes, Chantilly, points d'Alençon, and *appliqué*, enveloping, under the forms of veils, collars, sleeves, handkerchiefs, flounces, and insertions, the fluttering insect of fashion in a web that would have puzzled the skill of Arachne to have woven. A single veil often costs \$20, and a pocket handkerchief half that amount. As for the dresses, since they go on increasing in expansiveness, until they bid fair to outswell the dome of St. Paul's, it is difficult to embrace them within an estimate, or, in fact, within anything of fixed proportions. Say, however, that there are ten—each containing at least twenty yards of stuff—some of *moire antique* or stamped velvet, and others of the simplest material, the most expensive of which may have cost the yearly salary of many a respectable hard-working man.

To love such a woman may not be, as Steele said of a charming person of his day, a liberal education, but to possess her is undoubtedly a very pretty little fortune. We have taken, perhaps, an extreme case, but it is a genuine one, derived from real life, and will serve to

show the standard of female expense, which, if not always reached, is more or less approximated, and universally aspired to.

Examples of prodigality are found everywhere, but we conscientiously believe they are getting more frequent now than ever they were in female dress. Such examples should be avoided by the rich for their vulgarity, and by the poor for their danger.

If happiness consists in dressing extravagantly, it admits of many diversities. There is, however, one beauty of the willow, another of the magnolia, another of the live-oak; and so the elements of happiness, like those of beauty, vary, in different organizations. The plan of happiness we would recommend is, not to force ourselves into other people's ways and imitate their modes, but to believe in our own nature, and make the best of that we can. Of all the abuses of what phrenology calls imitativeness, that is the most ridiculous which follows others in their particular channels of happiness.

If our object is to beautify life, let us see where it is best to begin. The best point to start from is simplicity. It is a great intellectual quality; it is a grand moral virtue. To be simple-minded is to be in a position to learn, and to be simple-hearted is to have access to all the love in the universe. This simplicity keeps alive the childhood of the soul, and makes every day a fresh gift from Heaven. How the senses live in it! How the spirit, cherishing its glad freedom, and content with its abounding consciousness, has a patrimony of blessedness in its infinite joy! Now, this simplicity is just what we need. For we act as if we believed that a man must own a little of everything to be rich, and enjoy a share of everything before he can be respectably happy. We are idolaters of the much. Far wiser would it be to cultivate the simplicity which expands the little within easy reach into a great deal, and by having a big heart, enlarges all that comes into it to the measure of its own capacity. Intelligent and living simplicity would cure half of our follies. It would convert our fops into gentlemen, and our fashionable belles into well-behaved women. It would build us such houses as had ideas in them as well as bricks. It would give us social festivities that would look higher than the cork of a wine-bottle. Above all else, a genuine simplicity would tend to diminish that excessive regard for circumstances which so often occupies the mind, to the exclusion of veneration for character. Acting thus on us, it would

soon show itself in outward life, breathing the spirit of art beyond the immediate sphere of art itself, and exalting us to the enjoyment of such pleasures as Nature offers to those who, by refinement and purity, are capable of appreciating her as the work of infinite beauty.

Life may be beautified by well-directed efforts to improve the society of home. We say well-directed efforts, for few there are among parents who have just that peculiar wisdom and temper which give the right tone to domestic character. Sympathy with children is a great means of cultivating the sense of moral and social beauty; it is such a pure and unmixed emotion, so singularly free from fictitious elements, so spontaneous in its light-some activity, that generous Nature has ample scope in it for her best instincts. The happiness of childhood is born within itself, and by entering into its gladness we learn the lesson which age is so apt to forget, that the mere consciousness of existence is a fruitful source of pleasure. Then, too, the various offices of home, while they exert a potent influence by the duties springing from such relationship, are yet more effective in the higher culture of character by the outgoings of that delicate, quiet, appreciative spirit, which seeks to adjust look, tone, and manner to the aspects of the family circle. Then, too, the calm of home, what a mighty power! We lose the inspirations of nature for want of tranquillity. Out into the fields and beneath the skies we carry eager, restless, turbulent thoughts; but the fireside breathes repose, and because of this, images of beauty and love rise from its hours of stillness and charm us heavenward. Is not this a kind of beauty and a kind of happiness which the most costly lavishment in dress can never give?

'TIS HABIT THAT MAKES OR MARS US.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the evidence of truth and virtue.

My Cripple Boy.

BY ADA JAWLEY.

Oft when I watch my cripple boy,
With face whose lines of earnest thought,
Are lighted by some sudden joy—
Some passing sunbeam newly caught,
That gilds the Present's darksome day,
And makes him for the time forget
How all the Future's weary way,
With thorns and brambles thick is set;
A rush of mingled hope and pain
In tidal waves, sweeps o'er my soul;—
The first refreshes heart and brain,
The last, receding, leaves a shoal
On which love sees its idol thrown,
Unsheltered, motherless, alone.

Oh! when I see him looking on
With saddened brow and burning cheek,
While other children shout and run
In blind-man's-buff, or hide-and-seek,
And some, perchance, with careless jest,
Reproach him in their childish glee,
Forgetting by whose high behest
His limbs are bound while theirs are free;
My pulse beats faster, and I fain
Would save him from the anguished throes
That rend my life—yet, ah, how vain,
How wrong my wish, God only knows!
Then comes from Him the better thought
That once on Calvary brightly shone,
For them with full forgiveness fraught
Who mock our pain in jeering tone;
It thrills my frame with newer life,
And lifts me 'bove earth's toil and strife.
I e'en can look with thankful joy
Upon my life-long cripple boy,
Yet know how tried his heart must be,
And that he'll shortly turn away,
And drag his weary limbs to me;—
His throbbing brow then softly lay
Upon my lap to hide the tears
That oft will flow, ere he can know
The lessons which our riper years
Prove better than all else below.

Then while I soothe his troubled heart,
I breathe a fervent, trustful prayer
That God, in kindness, will impart
The strength this burden well to bear.
And as I smooth his flaxen hair,
I tell him of the "Better Land"
Where all is bright and wondrous fair,
And Love and Joy walk hand in hand.
A holy calm steals o'er me then,
In speaking of God's love to men;
While o'er his face a radiant light
Springs up, new-born, to glad my sight.
His eyes of soft, cerulean hue,
(Within whose depths a fount of love

Lies mirrored,) to my soul-wrapt view,
Reflect pure sunlight from above.
Ah! then I feel how kindly giv'n
Are trials and afflictions here,
To draw our earth-bound souls to Heaven.
The way no longer seemeth drear,
For perfect love hath cast out fear.

Margaret Dying.

BY SYBIL PARK CULVER.

Gather back the curtains, mother,
Let the room be full of light,
I shall leave you ere the sunset
Fadeth out in purple night,
And I fain would see the glory
Sweeping down like golden rain
O'er the meadows sweet with clover,
And the fields of waving grain.

I would see the south hills lying
In the distance blue and dim,
Hear the June-leaves softly sighing,
Like a low cathedral hymn.
When the last June-roses blossomed,
Just one little year ago,
I was gayer than the song-bird,
Singing where the blue bells grow.

Now I'm dying—but the sunlight
Shineth gayly as before,
Can it be that I shall never
See its golden brightness more?
I am sad to leave you, mother,
Sad to leave each dear home-scene,
Which hath made these sixteen summers
Of my life a pleasant dream.

You will wait beside me, mother,
Till my last faint pulse is still,
And the red light hath departed
Slowly from the western hill;
If you touch my lips with kisses
When the angel seals my eyes,
I shall bear them pure and holy
Through the gates of Paradise.

Put your arms about me, mother,
Fold me closer to your heart;
Swiftly fades the glowing sunset—
Night is coming, we must part.
Through the dark and lonely valley,
Where the death-cold waters flow,
I must haste—the angels call me,
Kiss me now and let me go.

TONAWANDA, Bradford Co., Pa., June, 25, 1862.

Human foresight, to the wisest
Leaves them oft but choice of ill,
Tho' thou well set scheme devisest,
'Twill not always work thy will.

LAY SERMONS.

The Christian Gentleman.

It has been said that no man can be a gentleman who is not a Christian. We take the converse of this proposition, and say that no man can be a Christian who is not a gentleman.

There is something of a stir among the dry bones at this. A few eyes look at us in a rebuking way.

"Show me that in the Bible," says one, in confident negation of our proposition.

"Ah, well, friend, we will take your case in illustration of our theme. You call yourself a Christian?"

"By God's mercy I do."

Answered with an assured manner, as if in no doubt as to your being a worthy bearer of that name.

"You seem to question my state of acceptance. Who made you a judge?"

Softly, friend. We do not like that gleam in your eyes. Perhaps we had better stop here. If you cannot bear the probe, let us put on the bandage again.

"I am not afraid of the probe, sir. Go on."

The name Christian includes all human perfection, does it not?

"Yes, and all God-like perfection in the human soul."

So we understand it. Now the fundamental doctrine of Christian life is this:—"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

"Faith in Christ is fundamental," you answer.

Unless we believe in God, we cannot obey his precepts. The understanding must first assent, before the life can be brought into a conformity with divine laws. But we are not assuming theologic ground. It is the life to which we are looking. We said "the fundamental doctrine of Christian life."

"All doctrine has relation to life, and I contend for faith as fundamental."

We wont argue that point, for the reason that it would lead us away from the theme we are considering. We simply change the form of our proposition, and call it a leading doctrine of Christian life.

"So far I agree with you."

Then the way before us is unobstructed again. You asked us to show you authority in the Bible for saying that a man cannot be a Christian who is not a gentleman. We point you to the Golden Rule. In that all laws of etiquette, so called, are included. It is the code of good breeding condensed to an axiom. Now it has so happened

that our observation of you, friend objector, has been closer than may have been imagined. We have noted your outgoings and incomings on divers occasions; and we are sorry to say that you cannot be classed with the true gentleman.

"Sir!"

Gently! Gently! If a man may be a Christian, and not a gentleman at the same time, your case is not so bad. But to the testimony of fact. Let these witness for or against you. Let your own deeds approve or condemn. You are not afraid of judgment by the standard of your own conduct?

"Of course not."

And if we educe only well-remembered incidents, no offence will be taken.

"Certainly not."

We go back, then, and repeat the law of true gentlemanly conduct. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." You were at Stockbridge last summer?

"Yes."

And took supper at the hotel there, with a small company of strangers?

"Yes."

There was a dish of fine strawberries on the table, among the first of the season. You are fond of strawberries. They are your favorite fruit; and, as their rich fragrance came to your nostrils, you felt eager to taste them. So you counted the guests at the table, and measured the dish of strawberries with your eyes. Then you looked from face to face, and saw that all were strangers. Appetite might be indulged, and no one would know that it was *you*. The strawberries would certainly not go round. So you hurried down a cup of tea, and swallowed some toast quickly. Then you said to the waiter, "Bring me the strawberries." They were brought and set before you. And now, were you simply just in securing your share, if the number fell below a dozen berries? You were taking care of yourself; but in doing so were not others' rights invaded? We shall see. There were eight persons at the table, two of them children. The dish held but little over a quart; of these nearly one-third were taken by you! Would a true gentleman have done that? You haven't thought of it since! We are sorry for you then. One of the children, who only got six berries, cried through half the evening from disappointment. And an invalid, whose blood would have gained life from the rich juice of the fruit, got none.

"It was a little selfish, I admit. But I am so fond of strawberries; and at hotels, you know, every one must take care of himself."

A true gentleman maintains his character under

all circumstances, and a Christian, as a matter of course. A true gentleman defers to others. He takes so much pleasure in the enjoyment of others, that he denies himself in order to secure their gratification. Can a Christian do less and honor the name he bears?

"It wasn't right, I see."

"Was it gentlemanly?"

"No."

"Christian?"

"Perhaps not, strictly speaking."

In the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, we fear, for all your profession. Christianity, as a system, must go deeper down into the heart than that. But we have begun with you, friend, and we will keep on. Perhaps you will see yourself a little differently by the time we are through. A poor mechanic, who had done some trifling work at your house, called, recently, with his little bill of three dollars and forty cents. You were talking with a customer, when this man came into your store and handed you his small account. You opened it with a slight frown on your brow. He had happened to come at a time when you felt yourself too much engaged to heed his indifferent matter. How almost rudely you thrust the coarse, soiled piece of paper on which he had written his account back upon him, saying, "I can't attend to you now!" The poor man went out hurt and disappointed. Was that gentlemanly conduct? No, sir! Was it Christian? Look at the formula of Christian life. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

"He should have waited until I was at leisure," you answer. "When a man is engaged with a customer who buys at the rate of hundreds and thousands, he don't want paltry bills thrust into his face. He'll know better next time."

"Have you settled the bill yet?"

"No. He called day before yesterday, but couldn't give change for ten dollars."

"Why haven't you sent him the trifling sum?" He worked over half a day at your house, and your family have been more comfortable for what he did there, ever since. He needs the money, for he is a poor man.

You half smile in our face at the suggestion, and say, "Merchants are not in the habit of troubling themselves to send all over the city to pay the little paltry bills of mechanics. If money is worth having, it is worth sending or calling for."

In thought, reverse your positions, and apply the rule for a Christian gentleman; remembering, at the same time, that God is no respecter of persons. In His eyes, the man's position is nothing—the quality of his life, everything.

A gentleman in form, according to the rules of good breeding, is one who treats everybody with kindness; who thinks of others' needs, pleasures, and conveniences; and subordinates his own needs,

pleasures and conveniences to theirs. He is mild, gentle, kind and courteous to all. A gentleman in feeling does all this from a principle of good will; the Christian from a law of spiritual life. Now, a man may be a gentleman, in the common acceptance of the term, and yet not be a Christian; but we are very sure, that he cannot waive the gentleman and be a Christian.

You look at us more soberly. The truth of our words is taking hold of conviction. Shall we go on?

Do you not, in all public places, study your own comfort and convenience? You do not clearly understand the question! We'll make the matter plainer then:

Last evening you were at Concert Hall, with your wife and daughter. You went early, and secured good seats. Not three seats, simply, according to the needs of your party; but nearly five seats, for extra comfort. You managed it on the expansive principle. Well, the house was crowded. Compression and condensation went on all around you; but your party held its expanded position. A white-haired old man stood at the head of your seat, and looked down at the spaces between yourself, your wife and daughter; and though you knew it, you kept your eyes another way until he passed on. You were not going to be incommoded for any one. Then an old lady lingered there for a moment, and looked wistfully along the seat. Your daughter whispered, "Father, we can make room for her." And you answered: "Let her find another seat; I don't wish to be crowded." Thus repressing good impulses in your child, and teaching her to be selfish and unlady-like. The evening's entertainment began, and you sat, quite at ease, for an hour and a half, while many were standing in the aisles. Sir, there was not even the gentleman in form here; much less the gentleman from naturally kind feelings. As to Christian principle, we will not take that into account. Do you remember what you said as you moved through the aisles to the door?

"No."

A friend remarked that he had been obliged to stand all the evening, and you replied:

"We had it comfortable enough. I always manage that, in public places."

He didn't understand all you meant; but, there is One who did.

How was it in the same place only a few nights previously? You went there alone, and happened to be late. The house was well filled in the upper portion, but thinly occupied below the centre. Now you are bound to have the best place, under all circumstances, if it can be obtained. But all the best seats were well filled; and to crowd more into them, would be to diminish the comfort of all. No matter. You saw a little space in one of the desirable seats, and into it you passed, against the remonstrance of looks, and even half uttered objections. A lady by your side, not

in good health, was so crowded in consequence, and made so uncomfortable, that she could not listen with any satisfaction to the eloquent lecture she had come to hear.

We need say no more about your gentlemanly conduct in public places. Enough has been suggested to give you our full meaning.

Shall we go on? Do you call for other incidents in proof of our assumption? Shall we follow you into other walks of life?

"No."

Very well. And, now, to press the matter home: Do you, in the sight of that precept we have quoted, justify such conduct in a man who takes the name of Christian. It was not gentlemanly, in any right sense of the word; and not being so, can it be Christian?

"Perhaps not."

Assuredly not. And you may depend upon it, sir, that your profession, and faith, and church-going, and ordinance-observing, will not stand you in that day when the book of your life is opened in the presence of God. If there has been no genuine love of the neighbor—no self-abnegation—no self-denial for the good of others, all the rest will go for nothing, and you will pass over to abide forever with spirits of a like quality with your own.

Who made us your judge? We judge no man! But only point to the law of Christian life as given by God himself. If you wish to dwell with Him, you must obey His laws; and obedience to these will make you nothing less than a Christian gentleman—that is, a gentleman in heart as well as in appearance.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Training Boys.

We take the following from the "Mother's Journal":

The mightiest influences in the world are usually those which make the least noise in their operation. And the best governed families are often those where the fewest commands, threats, reproofs, and the usual machinery of "governing" are heard. If at every step and turn a boy comes up suddenly against some perpendicular "shall" or "shall not," some ominous "you'll catch it if you do," he will be sure to rebel, or at the least to be discouraged.

My neighbor, Mr. Somers, believes in family government—in season and out of season—"when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way;" in short, government without ceasing. Our yards have only a picket fence between—I can therefore speak from personal observation.

"Herbert," said he to his son, a few days ago, "I am going away this afternoon, and I want you to stay in the house and garden, and behave yourself. You are not to go into the barn or workshop—you will be sure to get into mischief. Weed that bed of beets, that you ought to have done three days ago, and don't pull up half the beets themselves, either. Be careful what you do, now—see if you can't be a good boy for once. I should be sorry to have to punish you when I get home."

"But, father, John Winters is coming down to go fishing with me," replied Herbert.

"No, indeed, he isn't going to do any such thing. My boy doesn't go with such fellows as John Winters. He can't come inside this gate—do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," grumbled Herbert. "I never can do anything I want to—can't I have that quarter of a dollar you promised me?"

"You needn't expect rewards unless you deserve them—it will depend entirely upon your good behaviour."

"But where are you going, father?"

"That is my business—yours is to be careful where you go, and what you do while I am gone"—and Mr. Somers shut the gate and walked away, feeling as much the authority as the responsibility of a father. Herbert also went his way, thinking, probably, that father had made up his mind beforehand that he was going to be a bad boy, that he had no confidence in him, and cared very little whether he was pleased and happy or not, and let him do what he would, there would be just as much complaining when he came home. What wonder that half an hour after he was on his way to the fishing brook with John Winters?

Just across the street I have another neighbor, and as he and his wife started for the market town, a few mornings since, I heard the following parting conversation with their son Willie, whom they left to keep house—

"Now, Willie, you are all the hired man I've got, remember—I shall depend upon you to keep things straight."

"Yes, sir, I'll do it," answered Willie, cheerfully.

"Shall I weed the rest of the garden?"

"I want you to weed two hours, and as much longer as you choose. You had better prepare your vine ground, by-and-by, for I shall bring your grape-vines if I can find them."

"How much do you pay your hired man?" asked the mother, pleasantly.

all circumstances, and a Christian, as a matter of course. A true gentleman defers to others. He takes so much pleasure in the enjoyment of others, that he denies himself in order to secure their gratification. Can a Christian do less and honor the name he bears?

"It wasn't right, I see."

"Was it gentlemanly?"

"No."

"Christian?"

"Perhaps not, strictly speaking."

In the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, we fear, for all your profession. Christianity, as a system, must go deeper down into the heart than that. But we have begun with you, friend, and we will keep on. Perhaps you will see yourself a little differently by the time we are through. A poor mechanic, who had done some trifling work at your house, called, recently, with his little bill of three dollars and forty cents. You were talking with a customer, when this man came into your store and handed you his small account. You opened it with a slight frown on your brow. He had happened to come at a time when you felt yourself too much engaged to heed his indifferent matter. How almost rudely you thrust the coarse, soiled piece of paper on which he had written his account back upon him, saying, "I can't attend to you now!" The poor man went out hurt and disappointed. Was that gentlemanly conduct? No, sir! Was it Christian? Look at the formula of Christian life. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

"He should have waited until I was at leisure," you answer. "When a man is engaged with a customer who buys at the rate of hundreds and thousands, he don't want paltry bills thrust into his face. He'll know better next time."

"Have you settled the bill yet?"

"No. He called day before yesterday, but couldn't give change for ten dollars."

"Why haven't you sent him the trifling sum? He worked over half a day at your house, and your family have been more comfortable for what he did there, ever since. He needs the money, for he is a poor man."

You half smile in our face at the suggestion, and say, "Merchants are not in the habit of troubling themselves to send all over the city to pay the little paltry bills of mechanics. If money is worth having, it is worth sending or calling for."

In thought, reverse your positions, and apply the rule for a Christian gentleman; remembering, at the same time, that God is no respecter of persons. In His eyes, the man's position is nothing—the quality of his life, everything.

A gentleman in *form*, according to the rules of good breeding, is one who treats everybody with kindness; who thinks of others' needs, pleasures, and conveniences; and subordinates his own needs,

pleasures and conveniences to theirs. He is mild, gentle, kind and courteous to all. A gentleman in *feeling* does all this from a principle of good will; the Christian from a *law of spiritual life*. Now, a man may be a gentleman, in the common acceptance of the term, and yet not be a Christian; but we are very sure, that he cannot waive the gentleman and be a Christian.

You look at us more soberly. The truth of our words is taking hold of conviction. Shall we go on?

Do you not, in all public places, study your own comfort and convenience? You do not clearly understand the question! We'll make the matter plainer then:

Last evening you were at Concert Hall, with your wife and daughter. You went early, and secured good seats. Not three seats, simply, according to the needs of your party; but nearly five seats, for extra comfort. You managed it on the expansive principle. Well, the house was crowded. Compression and condensation went on all around you; but your party held its expanded position. A white-haired old man stood at the head of your seat, and looked down at the spaces between yourself, your wife and daughter; and though you knew it, you kept your eyes another way until he passed on. You were not going to be incommoded for any one. Then an old lady lingered there for a moment, and looked wistfully along the seat. Your daughter whispered, "Father, we can make room for her." And you answered: "Let her find another seat; I don't wish to be crowded." Thus repressing good impulses in your child, and teaching her to be selfish and unlady-like. The evening's entertainment began, and you sat, quite at ease, for an hour and a half, while many were standing in the aisles. Sir, there was not even the gentleman in form here; much less the gentleman from naturally kind feelings. As to Christian principle, we will not take that into account. Do you remember what you said as you moved through the aisles to the door?

"No."

A friend remarked that he had been obliged to stand all the evening, and you replied:

"We had it comfortable enough. I always manage that, in public places."

He didn't understand all you meant; but, there is one who did.

How was it in the same place only a few nights previously? You went there alone, and happened to be late. The house was well filled in the upper portion, but thinly occupied below the centre. Now you are bound to have the best place, under all circumstances, if it can be obtained. But all the best seats were well filled; and to crowd more into them, would be to diminish the comfort of all. No matter. You saw a little space in one of the desirable seats, and into it you passed, against the remonstrance of looks, and even half uttered objections. A lady by your side, not

in good health, was so crowded in consequence, and made so uncomfortable, that she could not listen with any satisfaction to the eloquent lecture she had come to hear.

We need say no more about your gentlemanly conduct in public places. Enough has been suggested to give you our full meaning.

Shall we go on? Do you call for other incidents in proof of our assumption? Shall we follow you into other walks of life?

"No."

Very well. And, now, to press the matter home: Do you, in the sight of that precept we have quoted, justify such conduct in a man who takes the name of Christian. It was not gentlemanly, in any right sense of the word; and not being so, can it be Christian?

"Perhaps not."

Assuredly not. And you may depend upon it, sir, that your profession, and faith, and church-going, and ordinance-observing, will not stand you in that day when the book of your life is opened in the presence of God. If there has been no genuine love of the neighbor—no self-abnegation—no self-denial for the good of others, all the rest will go for nothing, and you will pass over to abide forever with spirits of a like quality with your own.

Who made us your judge? We judge no man! But only point to the law of Christian life as given by God himself. If you wish to dwell with Him, you must obey His laws; and obedience to these will make you nothing less than a Christian gentleman—that is, a gentleman in heart as well as in appearance.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Training Boys.

We take the following from the "Mother's Journal."

The mightiest influences in the world are usually those which make the least noise in their operation. And the best governed families are often those where the fewest commands, threats, reproofs, and the usual machinery of "governing" are heard. If at every step and turn a boy comes up suddenly against some perpendicular "shall" or "shall not," some ominous "you'll catch it if you do," he will be sure to rebel, or at the least to be discouraged.

My neighbor, Mr. Somers, believes in family government—in season and out of season—"when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way;" in short, government without ceasing. Our yards have only a picket fence between—I can therefore speak from personal observation.

"Herbert," said he to his son, a few days ago, "I am going away this afternoon, and I want you to stay in the house and garden, and behave yourself. You are not to go into the barn or workshop—you will be sure to get into mischief. Weed that bed of beets, that you ought to have done three days ago, and don't pull up half the beets themselves, either. Be careful what you do, now—see if you can't be a good boy for once. I should be sorry to have to punish you when I get home."

"But, father, John Winters is coming down to go fishing with me," replied Herbert.

"No, indeed, he isn't going to do any such thing. My boy doesn't go with such fellows as John Winters. He can't come inside this gate—do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," grumbled Herbert. "I never can do anything I want to—can't I have that quarter of a dollar you promised me?"

"You needn't expect rewards unless you deserve them—it will depend entirely upon your good behaviour."

"But where are you going, father?"

"That is my business—yours is to be careful where you go, and what you do while I am gone"—and Mr. Somers shut the gate and walked away, feeling as much the authority as the responsibility of a father. Herbert also went his way, thinking, probably, that father had made up his mind beforehand that he was going to be a bad boy, that he had no confidence in him, and cared very little whether he was pleased and happy or not, and let him do what he would, there would be just as much complaining when he came home. What wonder that half an hour after he was on his way to the fishing brook with John Winters?

Just across the street I have another neighbor, and as he and his wife started for the market town, a few mornings since, I heard the following parting conversation with their son Willie, whom they left to keep house—

"Now, Willie, you are all the hired man I've got, remember—I shall depend upon you to keep things straight."

"Yes, sir, I'll do it," answered Willie, cheerfully.

"Shall I weed the rest of the garden?"

"I want you to weed two hours, and as much longer as you choose. You had better prepare your vine ground, by-and-by, for I shall bring your grape-vines if I can find them."

"How much do you pay your hired man?" asked the mother, pleasantly.

"Well, Michael has a dollar a day, and Willie can do as much as he any day. I'll pay you at the same rate, Willie; you may keep account of the hours you work, and make out your bill."

"Now don't forget," said his mother, "about the fire, and the chickens, and the pig, and—"

"Yes, yes," said his father, "you've told him all about it twice before. We can trust Willie to have it all regular as clock-work—good-bye, sonny," and they drove away, calling back as they did so—"better not let any boys into the garden, they might like the looks of your strawberry beds too well."

His "better not" was far more powerful than Mr. Somers's "shall not."

Willie went to his work with a pleasant sense of responsibility—for boys like to be trusted. He had a sympathy too with his father, in his efforts to secure a good garden—"the very best on the road; he owned a share in it himself, with a prospect of a grape arbor by-and-by. Then father had hired him, and all these motives combined made him faithful, contented, and happy until his parents' return.

Now it is very probable that these two fathers, and their sons also, have very different natural dispositions, but the results cannot be avoided by any allowance made for these differences. Herbert will be a trial to his father, will long for the time to come when he shall be out from under his authority, which is the strongest tie that binds them together. As soon as possible he will leave home, and the ties which draw him back to it will be at least far weaker than they should be.

Willie will grow up to be a companion and a friend to his parents, their comfort and support, and the dearest interests and affections of his life, be it ever so long, will gather around his father's home.

Courteousness in Children.

BY J. E. M'C.

How naturally we all admire and love a courteous, well-bred little child, and yet how rarely are they met. How quickly a feeling of dislike arises in our hearts for a child whose behaviour is rude and impolite. We should rather learn to look on such a one with feelings of pity, for the character was formed by another hand. If children are instructed from their very earliest conscious existence in the little courtesies of life, they will come to be as much a part of themselves as their own peculiar features; "but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

It takes a constant, watchful care to first implant these right seeds, and then to water them as constantly and tenderly as the gentle dew that falls upon the summer flowers. We must not expect too much, or require perfection in a day, but "line upon line" will surely form the good habits we

desire. "It seems to me I have told Ellen that same thing twenty times over," remarked a mother of her little girl. "And you will have to keep telling her until she is twenty years old," remarked the aged grandmother, who sat by.

If good manners are not formed in childhood, they will almost invariably be left uncultivated through life. There are some few points which can be early inculcated, and which will lay a broad foundation for future correct deportment. And one most important principle is to teach your child to show due respect towards his superiors in age and position. To remain silent when others are speaking, to resign his seat to an elder, instead of selfishly keeping the easy chair for himself, as I have sometimes seen a child do; to answer questions cautiously, and especially let every mother impress on her child's heart that he should "rise up before the gray head, and honor the face of the old man."

"Young America" is drifting sadly away from the old moorings, and the terrible increase of precocious criminals is the natural result. Nothing is trivial which even helps to implant a right feeling. The boy who sits in silence at the table, and waits until others are helped, who acknowledges attention with a courteous "thank you," who naturally recognizes every favor in the same manner, will be a better boy for it in the street, on the play-ground, at school, or wherever he may be. The child who is always required to ask permission before handling, or examining an article belonging to another, will hardly contract the habit, which, however parents may resent the idea, is, alas, too common, of appropriating trifling things which belong to others.

The divine injunction, "be courteous," is one which parents may not overlook without incurring fearful risks with regard to their child's future.

Spirit of Disobedience.

A natural affection and obedience is frequently destroyed in children by parents themselves, in so conducting themselves as to lose their hold upon the generous instincts of childhood; or else in so managing and misgoverning, as to root out and destroy them. This is done sometimes by harsh and severe methods of training. At other times, and more frequently, by an unwise indulgence and a neglect of suitable correction in their earliest years, when good or evil habits are chiefly formed. For I must insist that instead of waiting till children are ten years old, we should begin when they are ten months old—or still earlier—to form their characters and mould their dispositions. The outlines of the future man are pretty distinctly drawn before the child is five years old. Many important changes will take place after that, but the framework generally remains the same.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Injustice.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Boys," said Uncle Isaac, coming back to the dining-room, where his nephews stood laying plans for going out fishing in the pond that day, "I want the leaves taken off from the strawberry vines to-day. It's high time that the sunshine got to them. Now, boys, set to work with a will, and you shant be the worse off when night comes; and next month you shall have as many bowls of berries and cream as you can put away."

"Augustus and Robert Warren were cousins. The fathers of the boys resided in Boston. Uncle Isaac lived in one of the beautiful towns which we find strung like jewels on all the railroad routes, for miles about the city. The two boys were very fond of getting away from the long vistas of red brick houses, to the fresh crystal air, the joyous sunshine, and the green hills of the country, as everybody is whose heart is not hard and whose vision is not scared to all true beauty.

"Uncle Isaac Warren" was a hearty, good-natured, kindly man, fond of his nephews, for he had no children of his own, and they were sure of a warm welcome and a "real good time" when they visited the pleasant gray cottage on the hill.

The boys were very unlike, however, in person and character. Augustus had light brown curls and blue eyes which laughed underneath them, and Robert had dark hair and deep brown eyes to match it. Augustus was a merry, indolent, fun-loving boy. Robert was reserved, studious.

The boys received their uncle's proposition with eagerness, and set to work among the beds with spirit. It was pleasant work with the sweet spring sunshine, the new golden wine of the year flowing in bright currents all over the earth. The smell of the fresh springing grass had life and health in it, and the boys tore away the dark matting of last year's leaves and grasses from the beds, and found beneath it the tender sprouts of the strawberry plants, among which a little later would hang the great glowing berries.

"I say, this is pleasant work, Augustus!" exclaimed Robert, as he toiled diligently at the stratum of last year's leaves, from which all the grace and beauty had long since departed, and which the winter storms had beat together in a dark, unightly, decaying mass.

"Yes, it is," answered Augustus, and then he lifted himself with a sort of weary air, and looked about and descried on the fence close at hand a beautiful golden robin.

"Sh—sh Robert," he whispered, "I'm going to try to catch her;" and he started off with swift, light steps, and he had approached within a few

feet of the bird, when it flashed its golden wings and was gone.

So Augustus came back once more to his work, but in a very few minutes he proposed to Robert to have an interlude, during which they could go down to the pond and see if any fishes had risen to the surface.

"Oh no," said Robert, in his rapid, decided way, "let's keep to work here until we've got through. I want to finish the beds before dinner."

Augustus did not demur any farther than to suggest five minutes couldn't make much difference anyway, which argument, however, did not seem to impress Robert. The former was in a little while engrossed by his "uncle's hired-man," who came down the road in the old wagon. Augustus stopped him.

"Where are you going, John?"

"Over to the mill. Get in, and have a ride, boys."

Augustus answered with a shout. Robert looked up and surveyed the team wistfully, but in a moment his answer came—

"I don't mean to give up this work until it's finished."

"What's the use of sticking at it so close?" inquired Augustus, with a mingling of contempt and argument in his voice.

"Because, when I work I want to work, and when I play I want to play. Father says you can't do two things well at once."

"Well, then, I'll do one—I'm going to play," answered Augustus, and off he started.

In an hour he returned, in high spirits, and before he set to work, he gave Robert a glowing account of the ride he had had. Not long after this Augustus had a chase with the dog, and helped some boys to search for a stray cow; and when noon came, although the beds were finished, he had done less than a quarter of the work.

"Well, boys, you've been smart. I didn't expect to see this," said Uncle Isaac, as he came along just after the boys had thrown themselves down under the tree. Uncle Isaac put his hand in his pocket: "How much must I pay you for this day's work?" he asked, with a pleasant twinkle in his eyes.

"Just what you think it's worth," the boys answered simultaneously. Uncle Isaac drew from his pocket a half dollar and a quarter.

"That's all the change I happen to have about me," he said. "I don't know which deserves the larger pay, but I reckon it's about equal; so I'll just throw the coin into the grass yonder, and he who finds the piece wins it."

I do not think this was by any means a judicious settlement of the matter on the part of Uncle Isaac; but as I said, he was a generous, easy, good-natured sort of man, and didn't give himself the trouble to

inquire farther into the merits of the case. The boys had a short search for the money. Augustus found the half dollar—Robert the quarter.

"I think it's a real shame," murmured Robert Warren to himself, as he walked up and down the road a little later. I've worked just three times as hard as Augustus, and here he gets as much credit and twice as much pay. I say it isn't fair. I'm sorry now, I kept at it so hard. And to see him pocket the money without saying one word, although I know he felt ashamed, for he knew it was mine by good rights!"

Robert Warren's sense of justice was keen, and this had received a wound which pained him much more than the loss of the money. At last, with his face clouded with dissatisfaction, the boy threw himself down under the tree; and there a voice seemed to come and whisper to him—

"Why do you mind it so much, Robert Warren? You did your work not merely for the pay but because it was a pleasure to serve your uncle, and you did it faithfully, diligently, well; and in that you ought to find your reward, and not to be vexing and fretting yourself because that Augustus has got that which didn't belong to him. And if he was selfish enough to pocket the money, and keep it, why, that is his look out, not yours. Just find peace and gladness in the thought that you've passed the morning doing your duty, and your own heart commends you, and that's more than Augustus can say, although he has the money and the credit which rightfully belonged to you."

And Robert Warren rose up, and the cloud had vanished from his face, and when he joined his uncle and his cousin once more, the former said—

"Why, my boy, how happy you look!"

"I feel so, sir!" answered Robert Warren.

Dear children, all of us, the old and the young, have in this world to bear our cross of injustice. It is a hard and cruel thing, but it has its sweet and hidden uses. And happy are we if we learn to take this cross quietly and bear it bravely, knowing that if our hearts approve us, the neglect or condemnation of others cannot do us harm. We must expect to be blamed and wronged sometimes, to see others claim and receive our rights, and it is natural and proper that we should feel indignation at these things; for God has implanted in all human souls a sense of justice deep as life itself.

But we can cultivate a spirit which will neutralize much of the sting and pain which a trespass on our rights so naturally inflicts; and we shall escape much suffering by resolving to do our duty, certain that God will approve it, and thus our souls need not always be torn with petty, narrow, selfish feelings, with heart-burnings and aches, but can grow calm and sweet and strong. So be sure that you carry in your hearts the sweet consciousness of never inflicting injustice upon others, and when it falls upon you, may God help you in a right spirit to take and bear it.

Parlor Amusements.

TO TAKE A SHILLING OUT OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

You ask one of the company for a shilling; then you take a handkerchief, and twist a corner of it round the shilling; the form of the piece of money will appear; but in order to convince the company that it is the shilling, you take it out and show it to them again. You then exhibit the form of the shilling, as before, in the handkerchief, and desire one of the company to hold it fast. You even make it sound, to convince them that the shilling is in it. While the person is holding the handkerchief, you tell him that he will find the shilling in his hat, which he had laid down. You take the handkerchief from him while he goes to look at his hat, and he there finds the shilling.

EXPLANATION.

You must have a curtain-ring about the size of a shilling. At first you put the shilling into the handkerchief; but when you take it out again to convince the company there is no deception, you slip the curtain-ring in its stead; and while the person is eagerly holding the handkerchief, and the company's eyes are fixed upon the form of the shilling, you seize this opportunity of putting it into a hat or elsewhere. When you get possession of the handkerchief again you slip away the curtain-ring.

PINCH WITHOUT LAUGHING.

In this game each player pinches the nose of his neighbor, who must submit to the operation without laughing. If he as much as smiles, he pays a forfeit. Of course the most strenuous exertions are made by the operators to cause him to lose his gravity.

We have heard of some designing persons in this game, blacking the tips of their finger and thumb with burnt cork, which leaves a very agreeable impression on the pinched nose. If two or three unsuspecting individuals happen to be victimized in this way, they laugh heartily at each other, neither suspecting that he is an object of equal ridicule—which is not only a fine moral lesson, but also leads to the great accumulation of forfeits.

COME OUT OF THAT.

This game is not complicated, being confined to the following dialogue:—

"Come out of that!"

"What for?"

"Because you have such or such a thing, and I have not."

Care must be taken not to name anything you really possess yourself, or that has been mentioned by a previous player; that is, unless you wish to pay a forfeit.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

BE CHEERFUL AT YOUR MEALS.—The benefit derived from food taken, depends much upon the condition of the body while eating. If taken in a moody, cross, or despairing condition of mind, digestion is much less perfect and slower than when taken with a cheerful disposition. The rapid and silent manner too common among Americans, should be avoided, and some topic of interest introduced at meals that all may partake in, and if a hearty laugh is occasionally indulged in, it will be all the better. It is not uncommon that a person dining in pleasant and social company can eat and digest well that which, when eaten alone, and the mind absorbed in some deep study, or brooding over cares and disappointments, will lie long undigested in the stomach, causing disarrangement and pain, and if much indulged in becomes the cause of permanent and irreparable injury to the system.

HOME COMFORTS.—Wealth is not essential to neatness. We have visited a large, showy house, in disorder from cellar to garret—nothing homelike, nothing inviting; and on the other hand we have seen a low log cottage, whitewashed outside, and embowered with roses, a model of neatness and comfort inside, with its white window-curtains, and every article of furniture handsomely arranged. This was owing to the excellent housewife. But while skill and labor within are so important in this great element of high civilization, namely Home Comfort, the surroundings of the house under the care of the owner, should never, for a day, be forgotten.

Remember—the highest mark of civilization is attention to domestic comforts, domestic happiness, and to elevating the condition and character of the female members of the family.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a sirup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the sirup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the sirup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

SAGO PUDDING.—Rinse the sago in cold water; to one pint of milk put a half-pint of sago; stir it on a moderate fire until it thickens like starch; then take from the fire and mix with it three pints of milk, a small cup of sugar, four beaten eggs, nutmeg, teaspoonful of salt, and the grated rind of a lemon; add quarter of a pound of seeded raisins; bake three-quarters of an hour. Good hot, but best cold.

VARNISH TO MAKE WOOD LOOK LIKE IVORY.

Take half an ounce of isinglass, boiled gently in half-a-pint of water till dissolved, then strain it and add flake white powder till it becomes as white as cream. Give the box or carved wood three or four coats of this, letting each coat dry before the other is put on, then smooth it with a bit of damp rag. It has quite the appearance of Ivory. If when mixed, it looks too white, a few grains of either carmine white will give it a pink look, or else chrome yellow; either of these colors improve it.

COLOGNE WATER.—A very fair article, that will improve with age, may be made as follows:—To one pint of alcohol, add twelve drops each of the oils of bergamot, lemon, neroli, orange-peel and rosemary, and one drachm of cardamon seed.

FRUIT SHORT CAKE.—This dish may be eaten either cold or hot, and is admirable as a dessert. Split short cake through the centre while hot, spread the halves in a deep dish, in alternate layers with freshly gathered small fruit sweetened, or stewed pie-plant. Pour soft sauce over the whole, made in the following manner:

Soft Sauce.—Beat together half-pint of sugar, piece of butter size of medium egg, and one egg. When thoroughly beaten, stir in gradually half-gill (wine-glassful) of wine. Then add half-gill of boiling water.

ICE CREAM.—One pound of sugar—two quarts of cream—two eggs, (beaten thoroughly.) Boil the whole over a moderate fire for three minutes, being careful not to burn it.

Just before putting it into the freezer, flavor to your taste with the essence of vanilla or other flavoring. The whole should be thoroughly beaten when taken from the fire, and not put into the freezer until cold.

If the vanilla bean be used, it should be boiled in the cream.

TO WASH LACE.—The following method of washing lace, lace collars, and crochet collars, will be found excellent, while it does not subject the articles to so much wear and tear. Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen, and then tack the lace or collar smoothly upon it; rub it with soap, and cover it with calico. Boil it thus for twenty minutes in soft water; let all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. If a long piece of lace is to be washed, it must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above (or below) the last: a few stitches at the beginning and end will be enough to keep it firm. A collar requires more tacking to keep it firm.

HOLLAND CASES FOR PILLOWS, &c.—One very common instance of the unfortunate result of being "penny wise and pound foolish" is to be found in the continual escape of valuable feathers or down from valueless old "ticking" cases. As ticking is an expensive article, many housekeepers find a difficulty in procuring it; not thinking that any other material can supply its place. Thus every day the feathers diminish in their pillows, and the dust and fine increase in their rooms, until their formerly really valuable pillows are not deserving of an expensive covering. In such cases, and as a preventive of such cases, I can recommend a *fine, close brown holland*, instead of ticking. It will be found to answer every purpose, to wear as well (for the feathers *set* or down), and to be much softer and pleasanter to lie on than the harsher and more expensive ticking. The French mostly use nothing else for the first covers to the down of which their quilts or "duvets" are composed; nor, speaking from experience, can anything be better.

A FRENCH BEVERAGE.—Boil four ounces and a half of powdered ginger in fourteen quarts of water, wine measure. Then beat up four whites of eggs to a froth, and mix them, together with nine pounds of white sugar, in the preceding. Then take nine lemons, and peel them carefully; add the juice and the rind to the foregoing ingredients. Put the whole into a barrel; add three table-spoonfuls of yeast. Bung down the barrel, and in about twelve days bottle it off. In fifteen days it will be fit for drinking; but it improves by keeping.

TO SEASON EARTHENWARE AND IRON.—It is a good plan to put new earthenware into cold water, letting it heat gradually till it boil, then letting it cool. Brown earthenware especially may be toughened in this way. A little rye or wheat bran, thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing from being injured by acid or salt. New iron should be gradually heated at first, as it is apt to crack.

TO OBTAIN FLOWERS FROM BULBOUS ROOTS IN THREE WEEKS.—Put quick-lime into a flower-pot till it is rather more than half full; fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness; and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

A CHARLOTTE PUDDING: a good pudding for those who cannot eat pastry. Grease a pie-dish, and put in it a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of apples, peeled and sliced, with a sprinkling of sugar, and a little allspice or nutmeg. Fill the dish with alternate layers, letting the bread crumbs be at the top; pour over all a sufficient quantity of milk or melted butter to moisten the bread crumbs,

and bake an hour; or, if very large, it may require rather longer time to bake.

TO CLEAN TURKEY CARPETS.—To revive the color of a Turkey carpet, beat it well with a stick till the dust is all got out; then, with a lemon or sorrel juice, take out the spots of ink, if the carpet be stained with any; wash it in cold water, and afterwards shake out all the water from the threads of the carpet. When it is thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf; and if the weather is very fine, hang it out in the open air a night or two.

A DELICATE OMELETTE.—Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped eschalots, one of chopped parsley, half ditto of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three good table-spoonfuls of cream; beat them well together; then put two ounces of butter in an omelette pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and as soon as the butter is hot pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set, then shake the pan round, leave it a moment to color the omelette, hold the pan in a slanting position, just tap it upon the stove to bring the omelette to a proper shape, and roll the flap over the spoon; turn it upon your dish, and serve as soon as done. Take care not to do it too much.

TO HASTEN THE BLOWING OF FLOWERS.—The following liquid has been used with great advantage for this purpose:—Sulphate or nitrate of ammonia, four ounces; nitrate of potash, two ounces; sugar, one ounce; hot water, one pint; dissolve and keep in a well-corked bottle. For use put eight or ten drops of this liquid into the water of a hyacinth-glass or jar for bulbous-rooted plants, changing the water every ten or twelve days. For flowering plants in pots, a few drops should be added to the water employed to moisten them. The preference should be given to rain water for this purpose.

TO MAKE SHERBET.—Take nine Seville oranges and three lemons; grate off the yellow from the rinds, and put the raspings into a gallon of water, with three pounds of double-refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height; then take it off the fire, and add the pulp of the oranges and lemons; keep stirring it until it is almost cold, then put it into a vessel for use.

DIARRHŒA.—The first, the most important, and the most indispensable item in the arrest and cure of looseness of the bowels is absolute quietude on a bed. Nature herself always prompts this by disinclining us to locomotion. The next thing is to eat nothing but common rice, parched like coffee, and then boiled, and taken with a little salt and butter. Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bits of ice

principle has enabled it to retain its temperature! The same is true of seeds, which will retain their living principle and temperature for ages. Thus, life not only takes care of itself, but provides for future beings.

WOOLLENS.—If you do not wish to have white woollens shrink when washed, make a good suds of hard soap, and wash the flannels in it. Do not rub woollens like cotton cloth, but simply squeeze them between the hand, or slightly pound them with a clothes pounder. The suds used should be strong, and the woollens should be rinsed in warm water.

Temperature of Chambers.

Nervousness.

The practical view to be taken of nervous affections in general is, that they are an effect; and whether it be called neuralgia, nervous debility, nervous prostration, or any other name, and in whatever part of the body it is located, the immediate cause is in the condition of the blood, for it is upon the blood the nerves feed, it is by the blood they are nourished, and from it they derive all their power. If the blood is not supplied in sufficient quantity, inanition is the result, a general prostration; if the blood is too rich, there is abnormal action; if the blood is impure or imperfect, there is nervous irritability; the mind is fretful, peevish, unstable, the body is weak, restless, and invigorated; if the blood is over-abundant, there are aches and pains, neuralgias, which are literally "nerve-aches" in any and every part of the system. There is besides these, a nervous debility, which arises from the part being exercised beyond the strength given by the natural amount of healthful blood sent to it, and that part becomes exhausted temporarily; if rested, it returns to its natural condition; if called into excessive action soon again, rest will enable it to regain its usual strength; but that rest must be longer, each succeeding exhaustion requiring more time for recuperation, until, eventually, the power of recuperation is lost. This is destructive excess, not only to the part itself, but to the whole system, because the malady spreads as naturally and as certainly as the fire in a burning building, and ceases not until the ruin is complete. If the brain is exercised too intensely, whether in perplexing study, in incessant anxieties, or in the vortex of business, it soon begins at length to lose its elasticity, its power of concentration, its continuity of thought, and the mind goes

out in darkness, the body in death, or both body and mind together wilt and wither away. But even this condition of things is found in an unnatural state of the blood, brought about by the brain consuming more than its share of the nervous supplies; hence the stomach and other portions of the digestive apparatus have less than their share, perform their duties imperfectly, and make an imperfect blood, bringing us again to the point arrived at before, to wit, that in the cure of all nervous difficulties, rest to the parts is the first essential; the absolutely indispensable step; the next is to supply the parts with a better quality of blood, a blood which is perfect, pure, and abundant. Nothing can purify the blood without pure air; nothing can make it perfect and life-giving but muscular exercise, sufficient, yet not excessive, not exhausting, the whole expressed in three words, "MODERATE OUT-DOOR ACTIVITIES," always safe, always permanently efficient, and will always cure, if cure is possible.

In addition to these, and without which the others cannot be expected to be efficient, the nervous influences must be sent out of the body through another set of channels; must be expended in physical exercises, steady, hard, remunerative work, calling into requisition, the while, all that force of will which can possibly be brought to bear in compelling the mind into a different channel.

The proof of the truthfulness of the principle presented may be easily demonstrated in any half hour.

Move the arm up and down continuously, until motion becomes painful or impossible; then running can be done as vigorously as if the arm had not been moved so. After running for some time, and resting the arm, it recovers its entire strength. It is precisely so with every other muscle or set of muscles in the system, its glands or manufactories. A man may think until the brain seems scarcely to work at all, yet he can go out and work as hard as before he began to think, and after awhile can go to his study and think to advantage again.

To administer medicines to stimulate any power into wonted activity, is only the stimulus of the lash to an exhausted donkey; it either kills outright, or induces an unnatural effort, which can only be exerted temporarily, with the certain effect of falling into greater exhaustions. Precisely so is it with the tonics and other remedies more powerful and more destructive, when employed to "invigorate." As proof, the universal testimony is, "It seemed to do good for awhile." The recognition of this simple truth would prevent the blasting of many a fond hope, would save many a dollar to those who can ill afford its expenditure, would prevent the robbery of many a till, would save his integrity to many a (heretofore) noble-minded youth. Ignorance of that principle has allowed multitudes to precipitate themselves into wrong-doing, and into vices which have ultimated in ruin to body, soul, and estate.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

We give this month, two designs for cloaks from the establishment of Messrs. Woods & Schuyler, New York.

These beautiful creations are made alike in thick or thin materials, according to the season, and appear to equal advantage in either—the styles being admirably adapted to taffeta or cloth.

The effect of the trimmings upon the *Diamond* is striking and beautiful.

It is unnecessary to remark that this, as well as the *Jasper*, is made of black or dark colored cloths, although, for the sake of better illustration, the artist has not shaded the engravings. We would request that this be borne in mind by our readers, as frequently the pictures cannot be represented in black colors, without losing much of the minutiae which it is desirable should be depicted.

The *Jasper* is particularly marked by the peculiar construction of the skirt, the fulness of which is formed by the gored plaits set in the back.

The *passementerie* varies; generally they are adorned with elaborate cordings, or braid embroideries.

COLLAR AND CUFF IN SATIN STITCH.

Materials required for one set are—a piece of fine nainsook, embroidery cotton No. 30 for sewing over, and No. 20 for tracing. This pretty little set of collar and cuffs is very quickly worked, particularly if done in *point de poste*. Both the collar and cuffs are ornamented with embroidery to imitate ends, which are fastened by means of *solitaires*.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

FIG. 1. A lobelia blue silk, with a small black dash in it, made low neck. The skirt, body, and sleeves are trimmed with box-plaited ruffles edged with a very narrow black velvet. Brown Tuscan hat, with brown plume.

FIG. 2. Suit of gray Marseilles.

FIG. 3. Mauve and white summer poplin dress, trimmed with bands of mauve silk. Leghorn hat, trimmed with field flowers.

FIG. 4. Zouave jacket and skirt of white Marseilles, corded with scarlet braid.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"SOULS SOLD."

Every day, every hour, every minute the immortal birthright is being sold for that mess of pottage—money!

Oh reader, do you know what men will give in exchange for this? Honor, truth, manhood—all that is worth living for—all that is good or precious in dying!

Woe be to you, oh mother, when its greed has taken possession of your boy! Woe be to you, oh wife, when your love of display, or your social ambition, leads you to stimulate your husband, through his affections, to make gain the great object of his life—for that day and that hour *his soul is sold!*

We have often heard men say: "Talk of selfishness!—what do you women know about it? Why it's enough to make a man hate his own kind—enough to blast his faith in all human nature, to see the business side of the world—to see the hardness, the greediness, the dishonesty which meet one on every side."

And we do know that the trickery, the meanness, the knavishness, the selfishness which is practised in business circles, by men ambitious of social rank, calling themselves "gentlemen," is sickening, appalling.

And it is true, alas! shamefully true, that in this matter woman does not do her duty, does not utter as she should her solemn protest against these sins. A man who has money may too often enter the highest circles, may wed a good and lovely woman, when he is known to be in his business relations a man without honor, integrity—in blunt Saxon, a cheater and a liar, for his love of gain.

We have sat and listened in wondering indignation to conversations of this kind:

"They live in grand style," says one lady, speaking to another of a mutual neighbor.

"Yes; he must be very rich. How did he make his money?"

"Oh, in various ways; but everybody knows that he didn't get the half of it *honestly*. Why he was very heavily insured five years ago, and a sudden fire swept his store-houses to the ground. The incendiaries were discovered and convicted. There was no doubt but the miserable criminals were hired to fire the buildings by their proprietor, but he escaped, through some legal technicality and his money; and the men were sent to prison for ten years each."

"I shouldn't think this man would ever dare show his face in the daylight," we exclaimed, burning with indignation.

"Oh my dear," answered our friend, "don't you know money does a great deal in this world? This man's wife and daughters go in the first society, and give splendid parties. Everybody knows how he got his money—but then—"

"But then!" oh world, how unjust are thy judgments! We thought of the victims of this man's sin wearing away their slow ten years in the darkness and the silence of their cells, and we wondered that the very stones did not rise up and cry out against him. And here he was smiled on by good and lovely women, treated with respect and courtesy by men, and yet known to deserve a felon's cell. *He had money!*

Oh mother, with sons growing up around you, be sure that you teach them, by precept and example, that integrity is worth more than riches—that they see first that they are *honest to the core*—that when the mighty temptations of business life surge upon them, they shall be able to stand firm on the rock of solid principle, sure that if every man has his price, the whole world has not money to buy him!

Oh mother, what a joy it must be for your boy to lie down to his last sleep with *such* a thought—to feel that the sparkle of no gold ever bought his soul—ever won it from its loyalty to truth and honor—that he dies, as he has lived, an *honest man!*

And, reader, good a thing as money is, it cannot make us happy; the moment we make it the chief acquisition of life, that moment it becomes to us a fountain of bitterness and disappointment springing up in our souls.

Look at the rich men—the men that are living to make money. Do they look happy? Do those hard, greedy faces speak of peace, and calm, and sweetness within? "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them!"

Does he not remember often, that in a few years at farthest his glazed eyes will catch no more the glitter of his gold?—that of all his broad lands he can use only a small green roof builded into a grave—and the rich man's soul must sometimes out of its hunger and disappointment, echo back the voice of crying in the wilderness of far gone ages: "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity!"

Dear reader, for all of us "the end" is close at hand. It is a little matter to be written "rich" on earth; and of these, there be many who shall be written "poor" in heaven! V. F. T.

"IN A HURRY."

The meetings, the partings—all the great crises of life are hurried. No matter how long you may have been preparing for them, they come with surprise and change and haste. The last words, the last caresses, are always rapid ones.

And as it is with life, so is it with death. It comes suddenly—no matter how long we may have been preparing for it. The last messages, the last glances, the final shock is always sudden.

Dear reader, has this never struck you? There is a forcible warning in the thought for all of us—

a warning lest we leave something undone for ourselves, or for others—lest we leave some word unspoken—some work incomplete. And as all living, which is worth the name, has reference to the time of dying, it is best to delay nothing—best, so far as possible, to keep all the rooms of the soul in order.

We have no time to do anything but the present; and yet how much we are all leaving for the future! "To-morrow," we say, "we will do this good deed, or that generous act; and these "to-morrows" are stately palaces through which our souls walk, singing to themselves sweet ballads of noble and beautiful deeds; but, alas! the "to-morrows" come, and the shining hours crumble slowly away, and the day is as yesterday!

So reader we slip off the burdens of "to-day" on "to-morrow," forgetting that the last has no stronger, no broader shoulders than the first. Don't put off things—take fast hold of the present—do whatsoever you find to do to-day, else when the change, the surprise, the hurry come suddenly upon you, you find it is *too late!*

V. F. T.

LAST POEMS.—By Elizabeth Barrett Browning; with a Memorial by Theodore Tilton. James M. Miller.

We welcome this little volume to our hearts. The brief biography of this most gifted woman of all the ages, will be eagerly read by the great company of those who love her; for it was evidently written by one who did this. And in these "Last Poems" the reader shall find fountains of comfort, strength, faith, courage, the things that help us to live steadily, humbly, bravely, as did that woman whose great heart is silent now in the still English burial-ground at Florence.

Uniform with this tasteful volume of blue and gold, are three others of Mrs. Browning's poems, embracing "Aurora Leigh," perhaps the grandest poem of all.

V. F. T.

THE MEASURE OF STRENGTH.

There is a lesson in the following, which we should well consider, when judging of others:—

"The measure of the strength of a thing, is the measure of the strength of the weakest part. To put it in simple phrase, the strength of your table is the strength of the weak leg, not that of the sound ones. Apply this rule to character, and at once many things are explained. We have all been perplexed at the numerous brilliant failures we have observed—men with talents so fine and promise so great, accomplishing little or nothing in the life-battle; and we are puzzled daily at the learned, able men, whose judgments are all awry, and who founder in great seas of light. They are victims to this severe law of mental mechanics, which renders their strength of character only up to the level of their weaknesses—fatal 'rifts within the lute,' too often making 'the music mute.'"

There is a lesson, as we have said, in this, and it should lead to the careful study not only of ourselves, but of all who in any way come under our influence. Let us find out, as far as may be possible, the measure of our own and of their strength, and see to it that failure or ruin do not come of an overstrain. The weakest part should be always most carefully guarded.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

We do not know the author of these hints to young ladies—but they are so good, that we endorse them—*Loveliness!* It is not your costly dress, ladies, your expensive shawl, or gold-laden fingers. Men of good sense look far beyond these. It is your character they study—your deportment. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation, no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no attractions for them. If it is the loveliness of nature that attracts the first attention, it is the mental and moral excellence and cultivation that wins and continues to retain the affection of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow little or no thought on their minds and hearts. Fools may be won by gewgaws and fashionable and showy dresses; but the wise, the prudent and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty and virtue be your dress. Use pleasant and truthful language, study to do good, and though you may not be courted by the fop, the truly great will love to linger in your steps.

A GERMAN BED.

Dumas gives us this amusing description of a German bed. The lively Frenchman exaggerates, of course, as do most travellers, when writing of things different from what they have at home:—A German bed is composed as follows: First, a bedstead two or two and a half feet wide, and five to five and a half feet long. Procuates must decidedly have been a German. On the bedstead they place a sack of shavings, on the sack of shavings an enormous feather bed, and then a sheet shorter and narrower than the feather bed, and which we should call a towel. Upon this sheet or towel comes a quilted coverlet of the same size, and a sort of cushion stuffed with feathers. Two or three pillows piled up at the head of the bed complete this singular edifice. When a Frenchman gets into a bed of this kind, as he does not think of taking any particular precautions, in about five minutes the pillows fall on one side, the coverlet on the other; the sheet rolls itself up and disappears; so that the aforesaid Frenchman finds himself with one side of his body uncovered and frozen, and the other side sunk in the feather bed and perspiring profusely. This arises, says the German, from the circumstance of the French being so impetuous and lively. With a calm phlegmatic German the case is quite different. The latter

raises the counterpane very cautiously, creeps underneath, and places himself with his back against the pillows and his feet against the bottom of the bed, screwing himself up into the shape of a letter Z. He then draws the covering over his knees, shuts his eyes and goes to sleep, and awakens the next morning in the same position. To do this it is necessary to be a German, and as I am not one, I had not slept a wink since I had been in the country; I was growing as thin as a lath, and I had a cough that seemed to tear my chest open. This is why I asked for a bed à la Française. Mine host had fortunately six of them. When I heard that, I could have embraced him.

LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Carry me across!"

The Syrian heard, rose up and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
"My child, see how the waters boil!
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
But life is little loss.

"I'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove:
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring
In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love."
"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more;
When, lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he, wild
Struggling in middle of the ford:
"Boy as thou lookest, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee,
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ thy Lord,
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank, and then
A voice cried, "Hence, *Christophoros* be!
For carrying, thou hast carried us,
The King of angels and of men.
The Master thou hast served."

And in the moonlight blue
The saint saw—not the wandering boy,
But Him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee.
'Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew. * * *

O, little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,
If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that *Christophoros* bore—
To carry thee across.

PARSON BROWLOW'S BOOK.

Among the books on our table we find Parson Browlow's "Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession; with a Narrative of Personal

Adventures among the Rebels." It is a volume to stir the reader's blood. The author says:—

"I have prepared this work from the single stand point of uncompromising devotion to the American Union as established by our fathers, and unmitigated hostility to the armed rebels who are seeking its destruction. My ancestors fought in its defence; and while their blood flows in my veins, I shall instinctively recoil from bartering away the glory of its past and the prophecy of its future for the stained record of that vile thing, begotten by fraud, crime, and bad ambition, christened a Southern Confederacy. I cannot exchange historic renown for disgrace, national honor for infamy, how splendid soever may be the bribe, or how violent soever may be the compulsion. This is my faith as an American citizen."

Throughout his book, the Parson calls things by their right names. He is rough, and strong, and indignant, writing as he speaks, with emphasis. In half apology for his style, he gives this sentence:—

"Extreme fastidiousness of taste may, perhaps, shrink with over-sensitiveness from some of the language I have employed. But it was no time for dalliance with polished sentences or enticing words; for an imminent necessity—like the 'burden' of the old Hebrew prophets—was upon us, and the cause of our Lord and land could be best served by the sturdy rhetoric of defiance and the unanswerable logic of facts. The traitors merited a sword-thrust style, and deserved the strongest epithet I have applied."

SEPTEMBER.

BY L. H. T.

I thank Thee, Father, for the grace,
The mercies rich and tender,
The kind revealings of thy face
That crown this sweet September.

The months lead on, with pauseless tread
The years that make us older;
These years that each, we thought with dread,
Should chill our hearts still colder.

Our God is better than our fears,
His constant love possessing,
We, wondering, find the onward years
New paths of newer blessing.

And warmer than our earliest joy,
And richer than our latest,
The thanks which still our hearts employ
For gifts of love still greatest.

Rises all former bliss above
The love we bear our brother,
As God unfolding his great love,
Makes dearer every other.

And step by step our gracious Lord,
Still walks the way beside us,
Refreshing with his pleasant Word,
His rod and staff to guide us.

Oh Lord, be still our present friend,
Our constant needs remember,
That life, whenever comes its end,
Be in its ripe September.

MOSSGIEL, PA.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.

Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like a child's Midsummer holiday: the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nose-gay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby-days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Among the remedies for sleeplessness, with which so many are troubled, the following is worth a trial:—Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple, and easy of application in castle or cabin, mansion or cottage, and may minister to the comfort of thousands, who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

It is a mistake to suppose that preachers, as a general thing, could preach better, and writers on moral and religious themes write better, if entirely removed from the care and worry incident to common life. Through living experience, they get down to the heart of trial and temptation, and so comprehend the wants and infirmities of those to whom it is their province to minister. Mental suffering quickens the intellect, which would, in many cases, be sluggish or idle, without the spur of pain; and so, under providence, it happens that men who would accomplish little for humanity, if at ease, are made, through the impulses of necessity, the instruments of incalculable good. We gravitate, naturally, towards idleness, or self-indulgence, and where the motive for exerting all our powers is lacking, there usually come circumstances that trouble our peace, and set, per force, the wheels of thought and effort in motion.

Occasionally we hear a person, under great provocation, say: "I'll never forgive him." The suggestion made by Wesley, the founder of Methodism, to Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, may be of use to all such individuals:—It seems that these two gentlemen were fellow-passengers from Europe. In the course of this voyage, Mr. Wesley heard General Oglethorpe making a great noise in the cabin, upon which he stepped in to know the cause. The General immediately addressed him, saying: "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me; I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus, as it agrees with me best of any; I provided myself with several dozen of it, and this villain (his servant, who was present, almost dead with fear), has drunk up the whole of it. But I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then, sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "I hope you never sin." The General, confounded at the reproof, threw his keys to his servant, and bade him do better in the future.

The English "Doomsday-Book" is often spoken of, without a clear understanding of its contents. It is believed to be the oldest record in England, and contains the survey of the kingdom, begun by William the Conqueror. From that survey, it was intended that judgment might be given upon the value, tenure, and services of all the lands in the kingdom. The precise date at which this survey was undertaken is not positively fixed by historians; but it is supposed to have been commenced in 1080, and completed in 1086. According to some authorities, the appellation of "Doomsday-Book" was given to the Conqueror's survey, because its decision upon questions of land tenure and the like was as irrevocable as the sentence on the Day of Judgment.

Saint Chrysostom says:—The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have a humble opinion of ourselves. True goodness is invariably accompanied by gentleness and humble-mindedness. Humility is the first lesson which our Divine Legislator has given to man; it is with that he opens the code of salvation: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Such is the base proposed by Jesus Christ—for the palace of the sublime philosophy he was about to introduce upon earth, he gives humility for its foundation, well knowing that when once that virtue is thoroughly seated in the heart, all the others will come and range themselves around her.

The "Water Cure Journal," published for many years in New York by Fowler & Wells, has dropped its long familiar name, as a leading title, and now appears as "The Hygienic Teacher, and Water Cure Journal."



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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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| 1. Steel Plate.
2. Reproof.
3. Collar and Cuff to match.
4. Braiding Pattern—Cushion Cover. | 5. The Hyacinth.
6. The Emerald.
7. Name for Marking—Toilet Cushion. |
|--|--|

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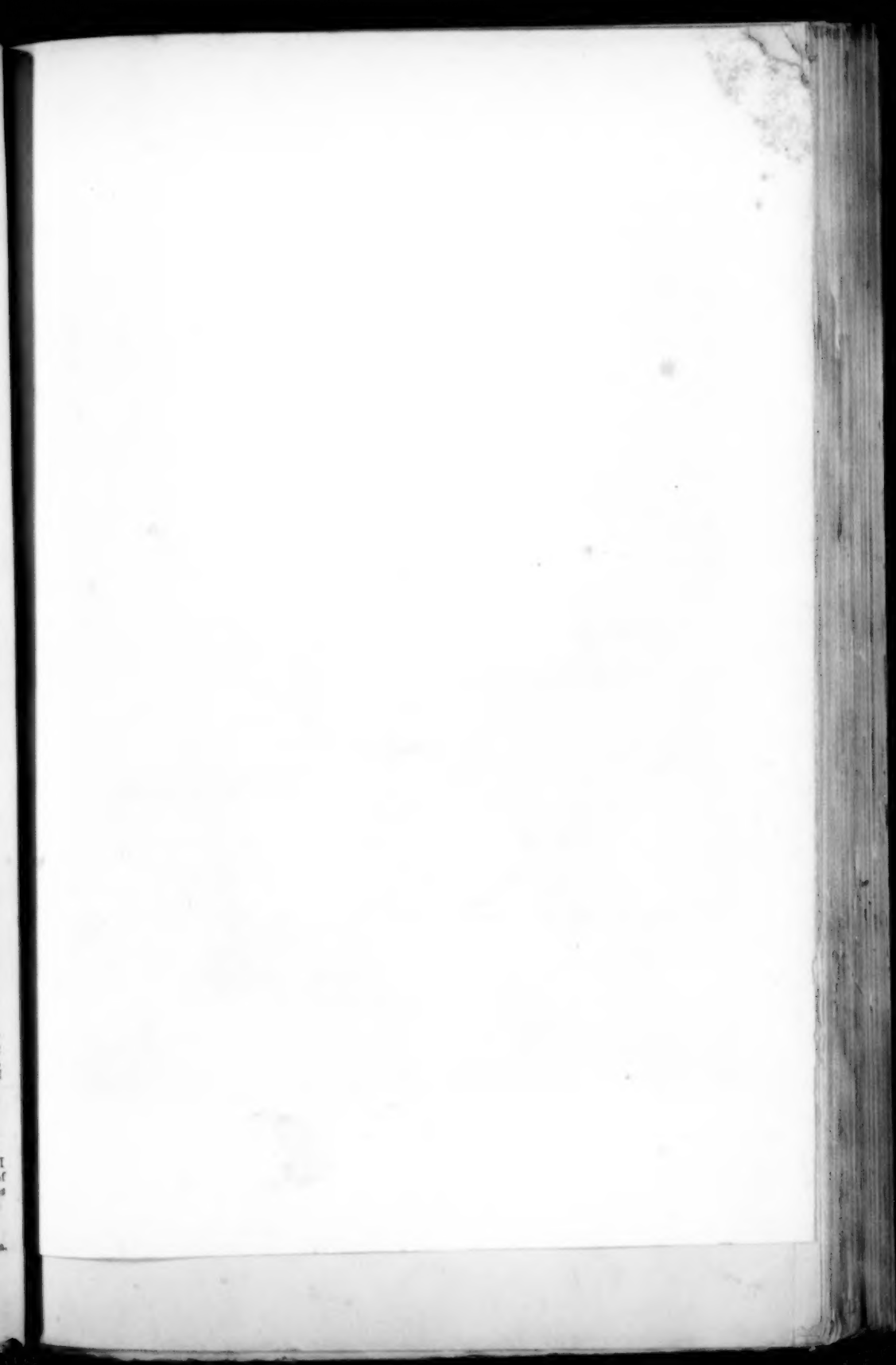
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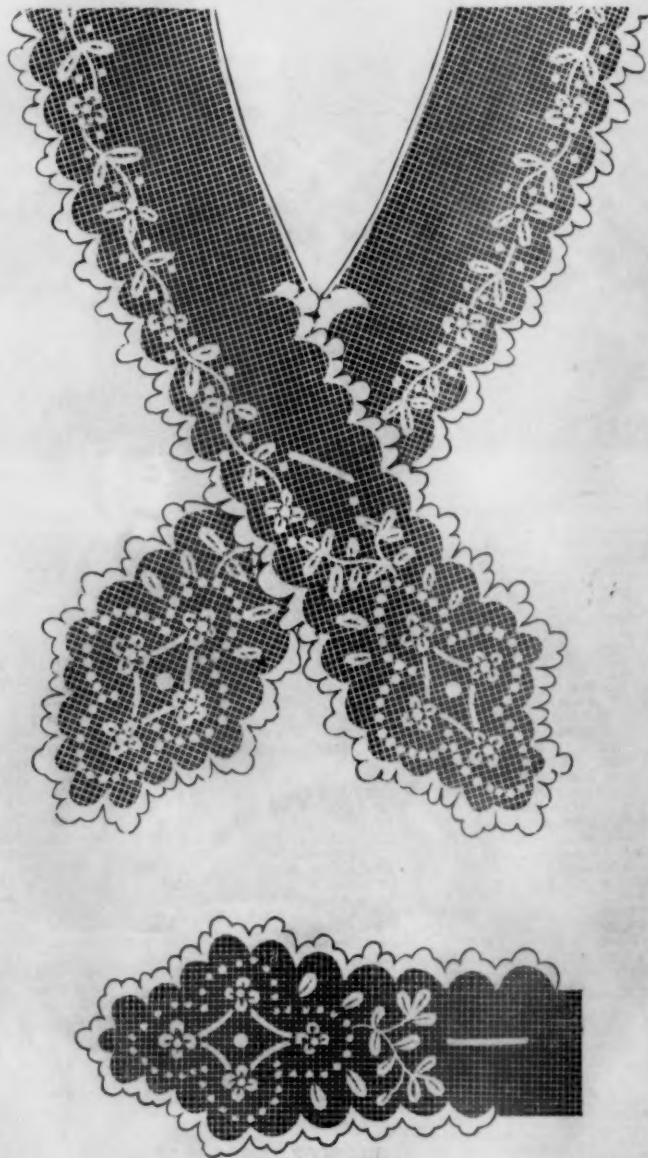
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THE LITTLE FAMILIES.

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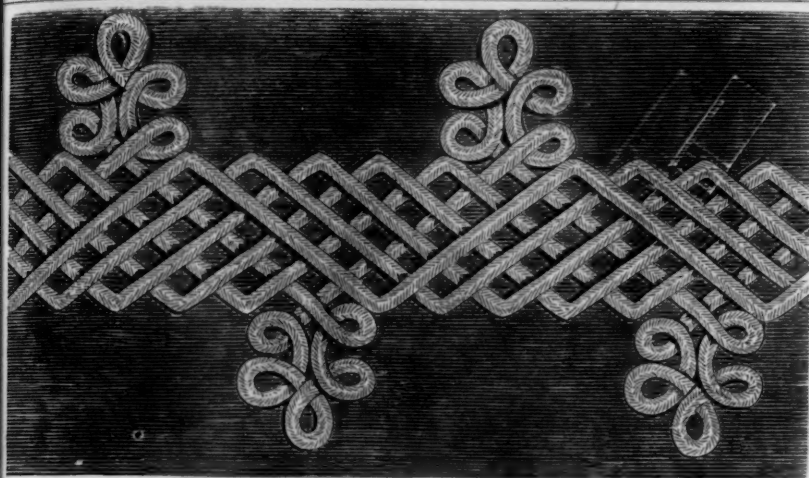


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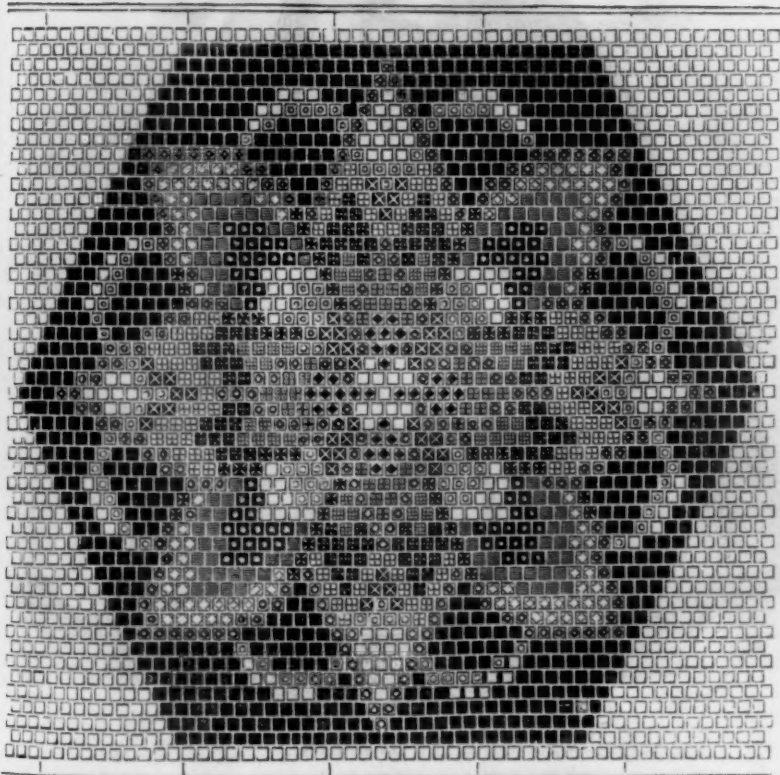


COLLAR & CUFF TO MATCH.

This neat and elegant collar, with ends to cross in front, is worked in satin stitch and raised dots, on very fine cambric or muslin, and the edge in button-hole stitch, with embroidered cotton, No. 60. A stud or button should be worn with this, which should be placed in the button-holes, as shown in the illustration. A stud or button, to correspond with that worn with the collar, should also fasten the cuffs.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



CUSHION COVER.

On material used for mosquito netting. See page 255.



THE HYACINTH.

From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 255.



THE EMERALD.

From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 255.

Amelia

NAME FOR MARKING.



TOILETTE CUSHION, Braided in fine gold thread.

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